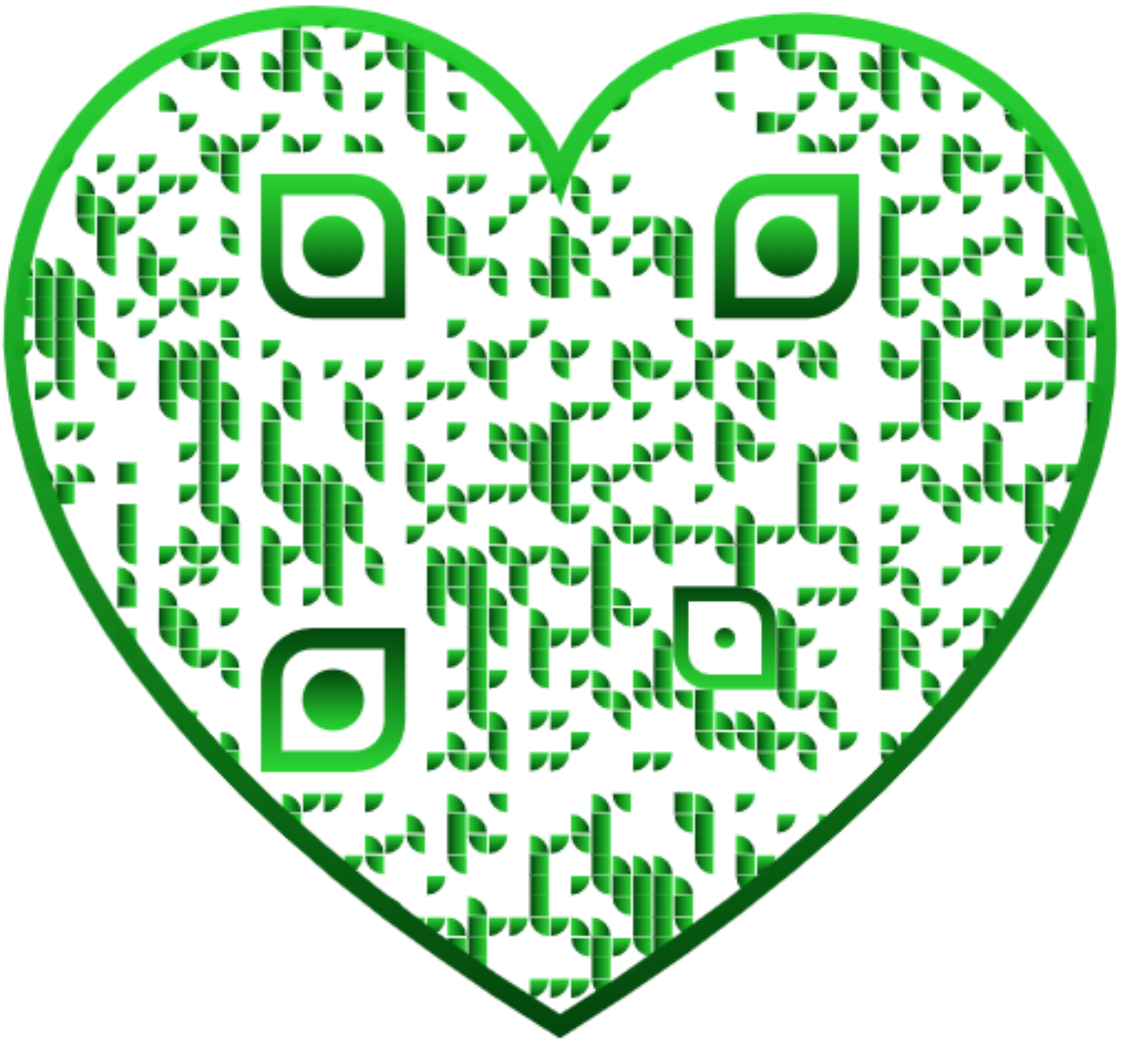
April 18-May 1 No 92 80p

KERRANG!

BON JOVI
Some Like It Hot!

DEEP PURPLE
MAMA'S BOYS
SLAYER
WAYSTED
TRIUMPH
ADAM BOMB
FIONA

JON BON JOVI: pic Ross Halfin



NIGHT RANGER

■ SAN FRANCISCO band **Night Ranger** (lead guitarist **Brad Gillis** pictured here) have just issued their third album on the *MCA/Camel* label in the US. Titled **'Seven Wishes'**, it was produced by **Pat Glasser**. Track titles include **'Seven Wishes', 'I Want A Woman', 'Sentimental Street'** and **'This Boy Can Rock'**.

The album cover features a militaristic approach, likely to be reflected in the band's American stage show. However, prior to the US trek, the quintet plan to visit Japan and Europe and are set to support Foreigner on their June tour of Britain, playing the following dates: **London Wembley Arena** June 14-16, **Birmingham NEC** 20. For full details, see *Tour Newz* issue 89.

Pic Paul Natkin

■ **ROBERT PLANT** issues his third, self-produced solo album through *Es Paranza* on May 17. It's titled **'Pink & Black'**.

Plant is expected to undertake a UK tour during late Spring/early Summer.

■ **W.A.S.P.** WILL begin work on their second studio album with producer **Spencer Proffer** and engineer **Duane Baron** at Pasha Studios in Los Angeles during the next few weeks. As yet untitled, the LP will be issued on the *Capitol* label later this year.

In the meantime, Proffer is currently producing the third album from the **Jon Butcher Axis** at Pasha Studios. As yet untitled, the LP is expected out on the *Capitol* label during early Summer.

■ **DIO** HAVE just begun work on their third studio album at the Record Plant Studios in Los Angeles. As yet untitled, the LP is being produced by **Ronnie James Dio** and should be released on the *Vertigo* label later this year.

■ **DEEP PURPLE** will be appearing at the **Palais De Omnisport** in Paris on July 8. A special package trip to France is being organised by **Mead Gould Promotions** at a price of either £69 (incl. accommodation, travel and ticket fee) or £49 (incl. travel and ticket fee). For full details write to: **MGP, 61 Queens Rd, Brighton, Sussex BN1 3XD.** Tel: **0273 204101.**

■ **WAYSTED, ROGUE MALE** AND **TORMÉ** will be appearing on *Channel 4*'s **'ECT'** show on April 19, joining **Girlschool**, whilst **Warrior** and **Hawkwind** have so far been confirmed on April 26.

■ **RUSH** HAVE just begun work on their latest studio album at the Manor Studios in Oxford with producer **Peter Collins.** Recording is expected to be finished during mid-May.

■ **PRINCE** RELEASES his latest studio album, **'Around The World In A Day'**, through *Warner Brothers* on April 26. Produced by Prince, it has the following track listing:

Side One: **'Around The World In A Day'**, **'Paisley Park'**, **'Condition Of The Heart'**, **'Raspberry Beret'** and **'Tambourine'**.

Side Two: **'America'**, **'Pop Life'**, **'The Ladder'** and **'Temptation'**.

Prince has announced that following his show at the Miami Orange Bowl on April 18 he will be retiring from live work.

■ **JOHN WAITE** is currently working on a new studio album in New York. As yet untitled, the LP is being produced by Waite with engineer **Stefan Gelpas**.

Former **Cyndi Lauper** guitarist **John McCurry** has been recruited to Waite's band replacing the recently departed **Earl Slick.**

■ GUITARIST **PAUL SAMSON** has now left **John McCoy**'s band to pursue a solo career.

■ FURTHER TO our story in issue 90, it has now been confirmed that former **April Wine** drummer **Jerry Mercer** and ex-**Streetheart** bassist **Spider Sinnaeve** will both be contributing to **Lee Aaron**'s latest studio album; Mercer is also expected to play in Ms Aaron's live band, along with lead guitarist **Simon Brierley**.

The album, as yet untitled, is currently being recorded at Phase One Studios in Toronto with **Bob Ezrin** and **Paul Gross** handling the production duties. It should be released during May, preceded by a 12" single. To date the only song title confirmed for inclusion on the LP is **'Runnin' For The Fire'**.

On the live front, Lee and her outfit will be supporting **Krokus** and **Bon Jovi** in Germany during early May, followed by a stint with **Uriah Heep** in Scandinavia. It's also likely that she will headline two nights at **London**'s **Marquee Club** during late May/early June.

■ **IRON MAIDEN** issue **'Behind The Iron Curtain'**, a 30 minute video EP, through *Picture Music International* on April 29. It features live versions of **'Aces High'**, **'Hallowed Be Thy Name'**, **'2 Minutes To Midnight'** and **'Run To The Hills'**. It's available in both VHS and Betamax formats.

■ **THE SCORPIONS** have just issued **'First Sting'**, a 20 minute video EP, on the *Picture Music International* label. It features the promotional shorts for **'Rock You Like A Hurricane'**, **'No-One Like You'**, **'I'm Leaving You'** and **'Still Loving You'**. It's available in both VHS and Betamax formats.

■ **QUEEN** ISSUE **'Queen – Live In Rio'** through *Picture Music International* on April 29. It features live footage shot during the band's performance at the Rock In Rio Festival held during January. It's available in both VHS and Betamax formats and has a running time of 99 minutes, with the sound mixed in Los Angeles by guitarist **Brian May**/engineer **Trip Khalaf.**

■ **THOR** HAS just issued a new album on the *Roadrunner* label. Titled **'Only The Strong'**, it was produced by **Tom Doherty** in London and has the following track listing:

Side One: **'2045'**, **'Only The Strong'**, **'Start Raising Hell'**, **'Knock 'Em Down'**, **'Let The Blood Run Red'** and **'When Gods Collide'**.

Side Two: **'Rock The City'**, **'Now Comes The Storm'**, **'Thunder On The Tundra'**, **'Hot Flames'**, and **'Ride Of The Chariot'**.

■ **FREDDIE MERCURY** issues his first solo single through *CBS* on April 22. It's titled **'I Was Born To Love You'** with **'Stop The Fighting'** on the flip. Both tracks come from his debut solo album **'Mr. Bad Guy'**.

■ *MUSIC FOR NATIONS* will be issuing the latest, as yet untitled album from the **Tygers Of Pan Tang** in the near future. See *Mayhem* issue 90 for full LP details.

■ **CHICAGO** HAVE just issued a new single on the *Full Moon* label (distributed through *Warner Brothers*). It's titled **'Along Comes A Woman'** with **'We Can Stop The Hurting'** on the flip. This is available in both seven inch and 12" formats.

■ **WISHBONE ASH** have just issued a new album on the *Metronome* label in Germany. Titled **'Raw To The Bone'**, it was produced by **Nigel Gray**. As yet, no UK deal has been signed.

The band are to undertake a British tour during late May/early June with **IQ** as special guests. The only date confirmed so far is **London Hammersmith Odeon** on June 4. IQ will be issuing their second album, **'The Wake'**, on the *Sahara* label during early June.

■ PHOENIX BAND **Icon** are currently working with producer **Eddie Kramer** at Bearsville Studios in New York on their second album. Tentatively titled **'Night Of The Crime'**, it's expected to feature the following songs: **'Out For Blood'**, **'Hot To The Touch'**, **'Racin' With Danger'**, **'Rock My Radio'** (co-written with **Mike Varney**), **'Missing'**, **'Raise The Hammer'**, **'Naked Eyes'**, **'Frozen Tears'**, **'Hungry For Love'** and **'Hand Cough'**.

The LP will be issued on the *Capitol* label later this year.

■ **VANDENBERG** ARE presently recording a new album with producer **Joop Eggermont** at Soundpush Studios in Holland.

■ **JOHN FOGERTY** issues a new single through *Warner Brothers* on April 19, *viz* **'Rock And Roll Girls'** b/w **'Centerfield'**. Both cuts come from the 'Centerfield' album.

■ CALIFORNIAN BAND **Le Mans** are currently working on their second album with producer **Mike Varney**/engineer **Chris Minto** (who has been associated with **Kiss** and **Pat Benatar** in the past). Recording is taking place at Fantasy/Studio D/Prairie Sun studios in California.

As yet untitled, the LP should be out on the *CBS* label in the US during August.

PRIVATES ON PARADE

■ *LOS ANGELES band* ***Ratt*** *(above) are currently putting the finishing touches to their latest album with producer* ***Beau Hill*** *in New York. Titled* ***'Invasion Of Your Privacy'****, the basic tracks were recorded in Los Angeles; the LP should be out on the* Atlantic *label in the next few months.*

The quintet will be undertaking another US tour in the near future and have now postponed any plans to play dates in the UK and Europe until the end of the year.

■ ***THE PINK FAIRIES*** *have reformed with a line-up featuring* ***Larry Wallis*** *(guitar – pictured above),* ***Duncan 'Sandy' Sanderson*** *(bass/vocals),* ***Russell Hunter*** *and* ***George Butler*** *(drums) plus* ***Andy Colquhoun*** *(guitar).*

The band are planning a series of European dates, followed by the possibility of a live album release. As yet, there are no plans for a UK tour.

Anyone interested in receiving further information should call: ***01 828 0767/0678.***

■ **MARINO THE BAND** have postponed the release of their debut album **'Wanna Keep You Satisfied'**, as a fresh label deal is being negotiated. For full LP details, see *Mayhem* issue 90.

■ SWEDISH ACT **Easy Action** issue their debut, self-titled album through the *Sire* label on April 19. It was recorded/mixed by **Ollie** and **Bo Larsson**.

■ **ARENA** ARE presently looking for a melodic hard rock vocalist. Interested parties should contact **Sean Jones** on **0492 2739**.

■ **MAMMATH** HAVE parted company with bassist **Paul Kelly**, due to differences in musical direction. The band are currently seeking a suitable replacement. Interested parties should contact either **Tony Robson** on **0262 603181** or **James Rees** on **0685 76686.**

■ FORMER **TYSONDOG** drummer **Jed Wolfe** has now joined **Atomkraft**, who will be recording product for the *Neat* label in the near future.

■ LOS ANGELES band **Bitch** have recruited a new guitarist, *viz* New York-born **Billy King.**

■ PENNSYLVANIA BAND **Leige Lord** release an EP on the *Iron Works* label in the near future.

■ AUSTRALIAN ACT **Boss** have signed a recording deal with *RCA.*

THE FIRM will be playing the following dates during May: Birmingham NEC 18, Edinburgh Playhouse 20, London Wembley Arena 22. Tickets are priced as follows:

Birmingham – £7.50/£6.50. They are available from the box office, Birmingham Odeon, Cyclops Records (Birmingham), Goulds Records (Wolverhampton), Way Ahead (Nottingham/Derby), Spillers Records (Cardiff), Piccadilly Records (Manchester), Mike Lloyd Music Shops (Stoke) and Cavendish Travel (Leeds/Sheffield).

Edinburgh – £7.50/£6.50. They are available from the theatre box office.

London – £7.50/£6.50. They are available from the box office, Keith Prowse, Premier Box Office, Albemarle, LTB and Stargreen. They can also be obtained *via* the credit card hotline, *viz* 01-741 8989.

REO SPEEDWAGON will be playing two shows at London Hammersmith Odeon on May 28/29. Tickets are priced at £7/£6.

DIRE STRAITS have added extra dates at Birmingham NEC July 1 and London Wembley Arena 15 and 16.

ROBIN GEORGE & DANGEROUS MUSIC play Derby Rock House April 12, Retford Porterhouse 13, Belfast Granary 18, Oldham Oddies 19, Dudley JB's 20, Camden Dingwalls 24, Birkenhead Stairways 25, Newcastle Mayfair 26, Wishaw Heathery Bar 27.

WARRIOR, from Los Angeles, play London Marquee Club on May 1.

ROY HARPER plays the following dates during April/May, *viz* Windsor Arts Centre April 13, Croydon Fairfield Halls 19, Inverness Eden Court Theatre 21, Dundee Bona Hall 22, Edinburgh Queens Hall 23, Farningham Coach House 26, Milton Keynes Warren Theatre The Stables 27, South Glamorgan Major St Donats Theatre May 4.

***KROKUS** (lead vocalist **Marc Storace** above) will be appearing at London Dominion Theatre on May 8. The band have just issued a 55-minute video through* RCA/Columbia *titled **'The Video Blitz'**.*

GARY GLITTER will be playing the following dates during May: Liverpool Empire 1, Manchester Apollo 2, Wolverhampton Civic Hall 3, Great Yarmouth Ladbrokes International Music Festival 4, Portsmouth Guildhall 5, Birmingham Odeon 8, Leicester De Montfort Hall 9, Crawley Leisure Centre 10, Newcastle City Hall 11, Bristol Studio 12, Sheffield City Hall 14, Hull City Hall 16, London Hammersmith Odeon 17/18.

Tickets are priced at £5/£4.50 for all shows, except at Hammersmith Odeon where they are £5.50/£5/£4.50.

Glitter issues a new single through *Arista* on April 19 titled **'Love Comes'**, written by **Leander/Seago/Glitter**. It's available in both seven inch and 12" formats, with **'Boys Will Be Boys'** on the flip.

MAGNUM will be playing the following shows during May: St Austell Coliseum May 10, St Albans City Hall 11, Tunbridge Wells Assembly Halls 14, Birmingham Odeon 16, Hanley Victoria Hall 17, Eastbourne Winter Gardens 18, Norwich University Of East Anglia 19, Nottingham Rock City 20, London Dominion Theatre 21, Sheffield City Hall 22, Manchester Apollo 23, Colchester Woods Leisure Centre 24, Bradford University 25, Blackburn King George's Hall 26, Edinburgh Playhouse 27, Glasgow Mayfair 28, Stirling Albert Hall 29, Whitehaven Whitehouse Club 30, Newcastle Mayfair 31.

THE DAMNED will be undertaking a UK tour from May-July: Liverpool Royal Court Theatre May 28, Preston Guildhall 29, Leeds University 30, Dundee University 31, Edinburgh Playhouse June 1, Aberdeen Ritzy 2, Glasgow Barrowlands 3, Sheffield City Hall 5, Newcastle Mayfair 6, Manchester Apollo 7, Hanley Victoria Halls 8, Cardiff New Ocean Club 10, Bristol Studio, Brighton Top Rank 12, Aylesbury Maxwell Hall 13, Portsmouth Guildhall 14, London Hammersmith Palais 16/17, Birmingham Odeon 20, Leicester De Montfort Hall 21, Oxford Apollo 22, Southend Cliffs Pavilion 24, Tonbridge Wells Assembly Rooms 25, Poole Arts Centre 26, St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum 29, Exeter St. Georges Hall 30, Ipswich Gaumont July 2, Nottingham Rock City 3.

All tickets are priced at £4.50 (on the night)/£4 (advance).

RICK WAKEMAN will be undertaking the following tour during April/May: Glasgow Apollo April 28, Edinburgh Playhouse 29, Bradford St Georges Hall 30, Blackburn King Georges Hall May 1, Hull City Hall 2, Cardiff St Davids Hall 3, Birmingham Odeon 4, Nottingham Royal Centre 5, Leicester De Montfort Hall 7, Ipswich Gaumont 8, London Hammersmith Odeon 9, Southampton Gaumont 10.

Tickets are priced at £6/£5/£4, with the exception of London and Cardiff, where they are £7/£6/£5. Alternatively they can be purchased by post from: **Solid Entertainments, 5 Bargate, Grimsby, South Humberside DN34 4SS**. An SAE must be enclosed.

Support act on the tour is **Clair Hammil**.

■ ***CHEAP TRICK** (guitarist **Rick Nielsen** above) are expected to issue their latest studio album on the* Epic *label during June. Tentatively titled **'Standing On The Edge'**, it was produced by **Jack Douglas**.*

■ **DIRE STRAITS** have just issued a new single on the *Phonogram* label. It's titled **'So Far Away'**, with **'Walk Of Life'** on the flip. Both cuts are taken from the outfit's forthcoming album **'Brothers In Arms'**, were written by guitarist/vocalist **Mark Knopfler** and produced by Knopfler with **Neil Dorfsman**.

■ **KEEL** ISSUE their second album, **'The Right To Rock'**, through *Vertigo* in the UK on April 19. See issue 91 for review.

■ **MAGNUM** ISSUE their new album through *FM* on May 13. Titled **'On A Storyteller's Night'**, it was produced by **Kit Woolven** at DEP International Studios in Birmingham. The full track listing is:

Side One: **'How Far Jerusalem'**, **'Just Like An Arrow'**, **'Endless Love'**, **'Before First Light'** and **'All England's Eyes'**.

Side Two: **'On A Storyteller's Night'**, **'Steal Your Heart'**, **'Les Morts Dansant'**, **'Two Hearts'** and **'Last Dance'**.

■ *ZEBRA RECORDS* are to issue a compilation under the title of **'Best Of British'** in the near future. The full track listing is: **'Too Different' – Persian Risk**, **'We Got The Edge' – Savage**, **'Burn The Kings Road' – Warfare**, **'White Fire' – Limelight**, **'Antigua' – Di'Anno**, **'Broken Heart' – Baby Tuckoo**, **'Walking On The High Wire' – Marseille**, **'Top Of The Mountain' – Stratus**, **'Nights Of Long Shadows' – Jaguar** and **'Maybe Someday' – Emerson**.

■ THE CONCEPT album **'Phenomena'** will be put out on the *Bronze* label at the end of May. See *Mayhem* issue 86 for details.

■ **KIM MITCHELL** issues a single, **'Go For Soda'** b/w **'Love Ties'** through *Bronze* on April 26. It will be available in both seven inch and 12" formats. Both tracks come from the **'Akimbo Alogo'** LP, which will now be put out during early June. See issue 74 for review.

■ **JOHN VERITY** has just finished work on a new album for release through *PRT* in the near future. Titled **'Truth Of The Matter'** it was produced by Verity at Livingston Studios (London)/Fisher Lane Farm Studios (Sussex). The full track listing is:

Side One: **'Roll The Dice'** (originally recorded by Canadian act **Couchois** and also covered by **Rage**), **'Looking For Love'**, **'Hold On'** (written by **Mike Rutherford** of **Genesis**), **'Keep A Little'** and **'Who D'you Think?'**.

Side Two: **'Honesty & Emotion'**, **'Only In A Dream'**, **'Ride The Wind'**, **'Stompin' Ground'** and **'No Pretending'**.

Aside from Verity (lead vocals/guitar), the album also features **Bob Henrit/Steve Rodford/Paul Smith** (drums), **Terry Uttley/Steve Thompson/Mike Rutherford** (bass), **Rod Argent/Andy Wells/Dave Cass/Steve Thompson/Geoff Lyth** (keyboards) and **Jon Neil** (guitar).

■ SWEDISH ACT **Trash** issue their latest album on the *Atlantic* label within the next few weeks. Titled **'Burning Rock'** it was produced by **Max Norman**.

■ WELSH ACT **Multi-Storey** issue their debut album through *FM* on April 29. Titled **'East-West'** it was produced by **Liam Sternberg** at Rockfield Studios in Wales. The full track listing is:

Side One: **'East-West'**, **'Breaking Ground'**, **'Traveller'** and **'Ahead Of Your Time'**.

Side Two: **'Carrie'**, **'Come Alive'**, **'The Wire'** and **'Heroes'**.

'Carrie' b/w 'Come Alive' has just been released as a single.

■ AMERICAN ACT **DC Star** have just issued an album on the *Mirage* label in the US. Titled **'Rockin' In The Classroom'**, it was produced by **David Sherbow** and **Michael Hektoen**. The full track listing is:

Side One: **'I Wanna Rock Tonite'**, **'Rockin' In The Classroom (Smokin' In The Boys' Room)'** (originally recorded by **Brownsville Station**), **'Do You Know What I Mean?'**, **'Feeling Good To Me'** and **'Fortune Teller'**.

Side Two: **'Come Back To Me'**, **'Tell Me Like It Is'**, **'They Call Her Wild'**, **'The Miller Song'** and **'Livin' In A Rock & Roll Whirl'**.

The band's line-up is **Henry Farmer** (bass), **Kenny Taylor** (lead vocals), **Dave Simmons** (guitar/vocals), **Glenn Jones** (percussion) and **Jeff Avery** (guitar/vocals). The LP also features guest appearances from **Alan St. Jon** (keyboards), **Earl Slick** (guitar), **Carmine Rojas** (bass) and **Doug Lubahn** (backing vocals).

■ AMERICAN ACT the **Hytts** issue their second album through *Gold Mountain Records* in the US during June. As yet untitled, it was produced by the band's manager **Matthew 'King' Kaufman**.

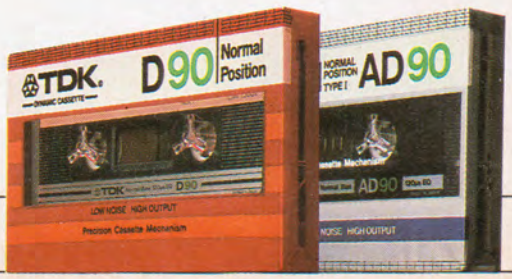
■ POLISH ACT **TSA** have just issued their debut album, **'Heavy Heavy Metal'**, on the *American Phonograph International* label.

■ AMERICAN ACT **Odin** have just issued their debut album through *Greenworld*. Titled **'Don't Take No For An Answer'**, it features the following tracks: **'The Writer'**, **'One Day To Live'**, **'Shining Love'**, **'Solar Eye'**, **'Don't Take No For An Answer'** and **'Judgement Day'**.

■ CULT COMEDIAN **Jimmy Nail**, who stars in the new movie **'Morons From Outer Space'**, has just issued a version of **Rose Royce's 'Love Don't Live Here Anymore'** on the *Virgin* label. It was produced by **Queen** drummer **Roger Taylor**/engineered by **David Richards** at Mountain Studios in Montreaux, Switzerland.

■ FRENCH ACT **Tracker** have just issued their debut, self-titled album on the *Mausoleum* label.

'HEAR NO EVIL.' GEORGE HARDIE.



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Waysted

GLEAMING BRIGHTER than a bottle of tequila, meaner than a .44 Magnum, sweeter than fermented cactus on a hot desert night, comes the new **Waysted** album: **'The Good, The Bad, The Waysted'**.

Produced by **Liam** "This is the drunkest band I ever produced" **Sternberg** and engineered by **Ted Sharp** at **Rockfield** studio in Wales, 'The Good . . . *etc'*, out soon on *Music For Nations*, features the following fabber-than-fab tracks: **'Hang 'Em High'**, **'Hi Ho My Baby'**, **'Heaven Tonight'**, **'Manuel'**, **'Dead On Your Legs'**, **'Rolling Out The Dice'**, **'Land That Lost The Love'**, **'Crazy 'Bout The Stuff'** and a cover of **Chuck Berry's** little raver **'Around And Around'**.

And another new line-up: guitarist **Neil Shepherd** has, of course, been replaced with ex-**UFO** axeman **Paul Chapman** (top left in pic), and taking over **Andy Parker**'s seat behind the drums is the man who lasted a bit longer in **Fastway** than **Pete Way** (bottom left) managed, **Jerry Shirley** (bottom right). Also featured in the line-up is American keyboard player **Jimmy DiLella** (not featured in pic), formerly in Paul Chapman's Florida band **DOA**.

"It's the best it's ever been line-up wise," says vocalist **Fin** (top right), who's mighty pleased with the album. Says Sternberg: "They chewed up the microphones and spat out the pieces!"

One final Fastway note. Bassist **Charlie McCracken** has quit to work with **Bronz**; and last we heard, **Fast Eddie** looks like recruiting some of **Dave King**'s old Irish outfit **Stilwood**, for sidemen.

Pic Ross Halfin

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SLAYER
'Hell Awaits'
(Metal Blade MX 8020 import)
KKKKK

VENOM
'Possessed'
(Neat 1024) K

VENOM
'Canadian Assault'
(Banzai BAM 1002 import)
KKK½

UNDERDOG
'Rabies In Town'
(Mausoleum SKULL 8331)
KKKK½

SLAYER: you can't argue with a sick mind . . .

I AM A Slayer fan. It's a sudden development I know, and I dunno what caused this, exactly. In any case, I can't be bothered to spend too much time analysing the reason behind this revolting development. All I know is that, one day not so long ago, I got sick and tired of wimping out. Pissed off with aiming for respectability. I got frustrated and begun gasping for a death-breath of foetid air as the choking feather pillow of blandness threatened to smother me.

So I went looking for an escape valve and found it in a screwed-up hi-fi, a jagged ol' volume knob and an album by the name of 'Show No Mercy'. Quick as you please, I became a Slayer fan.

'Hell Awaits', the latest offering from Messrs Araya, Lombardo, Hanneman and King, *is* one helluva album. Forget the laughable Jesus & Mary Chain, the Sisters Of Mercy *et* bloody *al*, Slayer are *the* ones to provide the *real* shock to a static nervous system. To paraphrase the gonzoid Godz, Slayer are the people your parents always *warned* you about . . .

Honestly. I reckon they're *the* most threatening, subversive band on the surface of the planet at this particular moment in time. 'Hell Awaits' is the product of sick minds. It reeks of evil intent and rattles your walls with its f**k 'em all frenzy. It's a fearful, frightening album, homicidal heaviness and maniac brain power spewed into a stinking, bubbling cauldron of Sabbath entrails and Motörhead members; cracked, simian skulls floating on the steaming, soup-like surface of the thing, grinning at you in fear-frozen expressions, long-decayed teeth jutting out at angles like yellowing, tumbledown tombstones.

A cursory glance at the inner bag and the clumsy, misspelt lyrics is enough to send a seismic shiver down your quaking spine. Try *'No apparent motive/Just kill and kill again/Survive my brutal thrashing/I'll hunt you to the end/ My life's a constant battle/The rage of many men/Homicidal maniac . . .'* for size, or read *'Running and hunting and slashing and crushing and searching and seeing and stabbing and shooting and thrashing and smashing and burning destroying and killing and bleeding and pleading then death . . .'* and decide for yourself whether or not these words were written by someone deranged.

And yet, beneath it all, *beyond* the terror, the killing and the death, there exists an excellent band. Slayer *can* play, and some of their mighty riffs and devious Death Metal arrangements border, to these *Kerrang*-ed kauliflower ears, on genius! Slayer have the speed, yet they also have the suss and wherewithal to slow down and grind, *grind* like a nefarious necromancer using pestle and mortar to reduce a dead baby's bones to fine dust, *grind* like Iommi in his 'Warning' heyday, *grind* like a . . . well, you've probably got the picture by now, haven'tcha?!

Hard as it may be for some to believe, there *is* variety and, yes, intelligence present in Slayer's work. Opening with the upwards-fading *'Exorcist'* gutturals of the title track, a genuinely disturbing six minutes 12 seconds of riff-laden insanity, 'Hell Awaits' immediately opens its monstrous bloody maw and mercilessly swallows the listener whole.

The murderous 'Kill Again', the venomously vampiric 'At Dawn We Sleep', the suicidal 'Praise Of Death', the sex-with-the-dead terror of 'Necrophiliac', the deathly descent into the 'Crypts Of Eternity' . . . all these tempestuous toons surge by as you journey inexorably down the album's awesome oesophagus, into its stomach, through its digestive system and are finally expelled through the stinkin' ass of *Side Two* closer 'Hardening Of The Arteries'.

What more is there to say other than to mention that this is the kinda music that makes ya wanna go 'GREEEE-ARRRGH!!!!' 'Nuff said!

I AM A Venom fan. Have been since I recommended that David Wood lend a serious ear to the demonic dabblings of his *Neat/ Impulse* lackey Conrad, all those many howling moons ago.

And I count myself supremely lucky to have witnessed Venom vaporise the Hammersmith Odeon last year. One of *the* most *serious* displays of marauding moronic mayhem I think I've ever witnessed, Cronos and co's 'Seventh Date Of Hell' stands proudly up there, believe it or not, jostling for position as one of my top five gigs of all time.

Why, then, is 'Possessed' such a bummer? I dunno the answer for sure, I can only speculate and offer a grab-bag of sadly negative thoughts . . .

The production is truly abysmal, a squelching, muddy dirge that reduces Venom's Black Metal power to Cack Metal pukedom. The tracks are short, oh-so-short, and there's a desperate lack of cohesion about this whole execrable offering. And, worst of all, Venom sound to me as if they're *going through the motions.*

Whereas before, when you played a Venom album such as 'Welcome To Hell', you felt shiveringly certain that its nukesome noize would summon up a demon of at least the status of the Monkey King or Angorforax in a haze of brimstone and cold demonic flame, you get the feeling that 'Possessed', at best, would only come up with a fourth division goblin that'd pop up through your floorboards accompanied by less smoke than a Palmer-exhaled *Marlboro.*

And, really, if I hear *one more* Venom track beginning with Cronos cackling over some meaningless racket, vomiting something like *'Mrooo-reaaaa-agggh!'* and then growling out the title of the track I'll . . . I'll . . . I'll say I enjoy working in the new *Kerrang*! offices, that's what I'll do!

Nah, 'Possessed's shortcomings are severe. This is precisely *not* the album that Venom need at this stage in '85, when the band's career hangs in the balance and requires a boost, not a stab in the back. But there you go.

Maybe my feelings about the thing wouldn't have been so slag-conscious if I hadn't played 'Canadian Assault', a mini-LP available on *Banzai* Canadian import, immediately afterwards. But it only served to show how big a backward step Venom have taken with their latest *Neat* release.

'Canadian Assault' is a half live, half studio effort. The in-concert trax in particular kill with power and show just how *good* Venom can be. 'Die Hard' is truly powerful Black Metal 'n' roll, with guitarist Mantas in top notch, fearsomely frenetic form. 'Welcome To Hell' more or less matches most stuff on the sensational Slayer album, while 'In Nomine Satanas' impresses with its giant, brooding power.

The studio flip contains another trio of kutz, *viz* 'Warhead', 'Women' and 'Seven Gates Of Hell', all of which should be familiar to aficionados of the band . . . and all of which *crap* on the material contained within 'Possessed' from a height of several miles.

I dunno what's wrong with the present day Venom, but if nothing else '. . . Assault' serves as a horrendous highlight to their current shortcomings and indicates that *now* is the time for the 100% wool worsted Black Metal sox to be well and truly pulled up . . . otherwise Slayer'll be in there to shatter the ankles!

I AM AN Underdog fan. Have been for some little while now, it's just that I've been ridiculously remiss in getting around to putting pen to paper in praise of these bozos.

Basically . . .Underdog are on *Mausoleum* and *Mausoleum* ain't that bad, after all they *did* release a compilation LP with a coupla Nuhaven trax on it!

Underdog do a great cover of Alice Cooper's 'Under My Wheels' and the title track is a wondrously crass piece of fun-filled foamin' fantasy, not least because it contains the chompingly brilliant line *'I meet a lady and I bite her in the ass!'*

HoJo'll clue you in more when he writes his Underdog feature, no doubt. Me, I'm afraid I'm just too Slayered-out to continue. Just ignore my late nite ramblings and *buy* a copy of 'Rabies In Town', OK? It makes Mr King's *'Cujo'* look like a limp-wristed rewrite of the Lassie legend. So, like I mentioned a few thousand words ago, 'nuff said . . . OK?!

GEOFF BARTON

PAUL SAMSON:* aural Pedigree Chum, *anyone?

NIGHT MOVES

SAMSON
'Thank You And Good Night'
(Metal Masters METALP 102) KKKK

PAUL SAMSON has a poster in his front room showing his old band billed above Iron Maiden. And it wasn't that long ago, either.

Curious, then, that the current kiddies' faves Maiden are churning out 'Number Of The Beast' year after year to nigh hysterical acclaim and riff-riff-riffing to packed arenas all over the world, while Samson appear to be bowing politely out of a sadly unfulfilled career with this (very fine) live album.

Paul may totally disregard jealousy to happily define 'making it' as being 'totally self-sufficient from your own creative ideas' (which he IS), but the fact that his band ultimately failed to crack Blighty, despite escalating support elsewhere in Europe, was unbefitting for an outfit which shrugged off early gimmicky assistance to become a first class hard rock band.

This, a monument of Samson's strength, captures the band flexing its r 'n' r muscles in Europe (Holland 'n' Germany to be precise, kidz) and stands proud as a tribute to the fans who remained loyal (artfully doubling as a boot-to-the-groin of those porridge-brains who doubted). It's big, bold, beefy . . . aural Pedigree Chum, *anyone?*

Drawn from the final tour, when new boys Dave Colwell (rhythm guitar) and 'Miserable' Merv Goldsworthy (bass) arrived with fresh provisions of enthusiasm, 'TYAGN' nevertheless proclaims the talent of Samson, lead vocalist Nicky Moore and drummer Pete Jupp first and foremost. Paul Samson is caught on tip-top form, springing from Colwell's commendable assistance with a new-found relish, while the growling Moore is a man-mountain with a voice to match, proving that if all good singers harness their power from the lungs, he must sing from the gut!

Last but not least, perky Pete Jupp turns in the type of dexterous display which has made him one of the best Brit rock drummers for years. Cool, confident, strong and inventive, he punches sweetly with swift precision – the perfect man for the Leppard job!

Track-wise, there's a brief recollection of early days with 'Tomorrow Or Yesterday', slipping neatly into a modern, manicured 'Mr Rock And Roll', while the rest hail from the last two albums: the excellent 'Losing My Grip' trickling into the delightfully passionate 'Vice Versa' and then 'Test Of Time from 'Before The Storm' and 'Bite The Bullet', 'Into The Valley', 'Love Hungry' 'Don't Get Mad – Get Even' and 'Are You Ready' from the 'Don't Get Mad . . .' album. If that lot doesn't impress you, I'd give that hearing-aid a service.

If, perchance, YOU were someone who passed Samson by, grab a copy of this album ASAP and see what you are missing.

MARK PUTTERFORD

M-80
'M-80'
(Roadrunner RR9802) KK

CANDY ROXX
'Sex And Leather'
(Sword Records 12006) K

TWO ALBUMS worth the price of nothing; strictly zero plus zero, distinguished only by the slightly differing degrees to which they both slump ass-first into oblivion.

The M-80 album dates from the days when the band featured 'mad' Don Costa (who, these days, I am reliably informed, can be found cleaning toilets in LA) and Niki Buzz, a man of much talent; talent which is wasted on this abysmal project. 'M-80' is manure pure and simple. Rubbish. Six tracks of muted, moaning Metal poop, the only vaguely interesting item being the opening track 'Face Cracker' which is as weak-willied as its feeble monicker yet remains the single memorable piece of noise included herein.

Don Costa will doubtless return to haunt the world one of these grey days, while Niki Buzz will do well to put this abortion far behind him, if his career is to continue to burgeon.

Candy Roxx are worse. Much worse. Four tracks, including a duff cover of Gary Glitter's 'Leader Of The Gang'. Always a much over-rated 'song' when Gazza first unleashed it upon a world of adolescent girlie-goo-goos 12 years back, in the hands of Candy Roxx '. . . Gang' is reduced to ridiculous puke-pop, stripped of any charm it may or may not have originally possessed.

The remaining three tracks are far too offensive in their frightening and stupendous mundanity to be worth mentioning. A horrible album.

MICK WALL

MORE REVIEWS OVER PAGE

FROM PAGE 9

KILLING JOKE
'Night Time'
(EG Records EGLP 61)
KKKK

JOKE'S VOCALIST Jaz Coleman summed up the feeling of many of us recently when he complained that there are "too many 'hairdressers'" cluttering up the charts at the moment. Well this could be an album to blow(dry) some of them away and provide the charts with a degree of respectability.

Previous Killing Joke albums tended to be vicious attacks on the aural senses, but lacking any points of reference; nothing to grab hold of. A bit like being caught in the desert in the middle of a hurricane; being picked up and blown every which way like a clump of tumbleweed. This time, with the help of Rolling Stones producer Chris Kimsey, KJ's music has been reduced to just gale-force, and they've driven eight sturdy stakes into the barren sand to provide hand-holds. The result is an excellent, exciting album.

The great strength of 'Night Time', their most explosive album to date, is the powerful rhythmic foundation which underpins every song. Indeed (and at the risk of being dragged into a back alley by Jaz and co and receiving a good smacking for saying so) the big surprise is that, ultimately, it's a *dance* album. But by 'dance' I don't mean the preposterous posturing of the night club brigade; more an incitement to bounce your head off the ceiling and nut the wallpaper in rhythmic muscular spasms. Even one such as myself, not keen on expending useful energy on such a pastime, felt somehow compelled to spring into action by songs such as the opening title track, 'Darkness Before Dawn' and the brilliant 'Kings And Queens', the current single.

A few melodic blooms have also appeared on Killing Joke's erstwhile desert landscape, which makes the tortured lyrical outpourings (war, death, survival) that much more listenable. The hit 45, 'Love Like Blood' and the similar pushed beat of 'Multitudes' are two good examples of their new willingness to accept that singability doesn't have to compromise a serious and passionate lyrical content.

While drummer Paul Ferguson and bassist Paul Raven must take a lot of the credit for the tightness and high energy feel of the album, it is guitarist Geordie's unique sound and style that etches a deep mark of individuality. Not a soloist in the accepted sense, his playing concentrates on and is characterised by fat punctuating chords as on 'Europe' and tucking in tight on the rifferama – typified by last year's shamefully overlooked single, 'Eighties'.

Could it be that '85 is going to be the year that Killing Joke finally come good? Bassist Raven's sneering comment that "handbag music is out; Killing Joke is in" could be right on the button.

PAUL HENDERSON

FOREIGN ACCENTS

TOM PETTY: this album could hurt his bank account!

TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS
'Southern Accents'
(MCA MCS 3260)
KKKK

THE DISC goes round and round and round, the ol' musical maypole twisting and turning, joining and parting, Dylan, Band, Byrds, Eagles, Petty, Springsteen, JJ Cale, Slowfunk, Fastfunk, Dylan, Band, Byrds . . . all wrapped up into one big all-American totem-pole, tall as a skyscraper, brighter than a starlet's teeth, America at its most pure and nobly American.

The America that turns the wistful European mind, trapped between second-rate towerblocks, to thoughts of the land where every heart is filled with hope and every garage filled with a Cadillac with a suntanned girl behind the wheel and Bruce on his knees polishing the hubcaps.

American. But my first reaction to 'Southern Accents' was 'Yuk! TV dinners!' – separate compartments of corn, black-eyed peas and a curry on the side, filling but oddly unsatisfying. But then I lived with it a while, ate with it, slept with it, took it on walks, and it was while I was dragging it home and it stopped to sniff at a lampost, that's when I realised it was this big all-A-bleeding-merican totem pole, tall as a skyscraper, brighter than a starlet's teeth, and I fell to me knees, which is as it deserves.

'Southern Accents' is Tom Petty's 'White Album', a reaction to the dull-knifed castration which is most American arena rock, a plasticity that forces someone to churn out the same old sausage meat over and over before the fans will queue up to consume (funny how it's usually too late; 'Born To Run' ran rings around 'Born In The USA'; 'Southern Accents' is the album Springsteen should *have made).*

Inbetween albums, as you've read, Tom Petty hurt his hand; this album could hurt his bank account. It's not only experimental, it's not even 'Tom Petty', as in vintage TP, all jangly guitars and mumbled minor keys and glorious heaven-opens-girl-descends-in '59-chariot choruses. It's not 'Damn The Torpedoes' (one of the best albums of the millenium). There's soul stuff, modern stuff, real horns and synth horns, backing vocals that are almost gospel, backing vocals that are almost Beatles, and a spot of George Harrison in the sitar-guitar ('Don't Come Around Here No More') on flock-lined Indian rock. And there's Harrison's ex-wife's husband's idol, JJ Cale ('Spike'; lay back on the intro and listen to unsettling, tobacco-chewing vocals) as the thing just goes round and round and round.

There's 'Rebels' that sounds like an early Band song, and a number produced by one of the Band (Robbie Robertson), 'The Best Of Everything', that sounds like the best of the Eagles-and-Springsteen-and-Seger-and-Dylan plus Petty's own 'Louisiana Rain' mixed with heart-tearing horns, gut-tugging chorus, passionate, desperate vocals that spurt out of the top of the totem pole like flaming Roman Candles!

And then there's a couple of R&B tunes . . . we're talking serious dancebeat situation here, watch out Mr Jagger!

'It Ain't Nothin' To Me' (one of three co-written with Eurythmic Dave Stewart; this boy's experimentin*'!) is dirty, throbbing, sweaty, with wild keyboards and Petty singing at the end of a long dark tunnel; 'Make It Better' is 'Mr Pitiful' right down pat.*

And so the reviewer raved on and on while the disc kept turning around. 'Southern Accents' could be one of the best albums of the year; certainly it's one of the most interesting.

LAURA CANYON

JASON & THE SCORCHERS
'Lost And Found'
(Capitol EJ 2402801)
KKKK

JASON IS a scorcher. He sends up clouds of smoke and flames as his band gallops across the tinder dry prairies of rock 'n' roll. For this is music that wears a ten gallon hat, spurs and a gap-toothed grin.

The Scorchers are the last of the roots rock bands and they caused a sensation when they came to England last year. They are not quite as hot on record as they are live, but that's probably because traditional rock instrumentation and recording techniques sound weaker now in comparison to the blasting *blitzkrieg* of the ubiquitous drum machine and digital relay

JASON: high on the hog!

modular overhead camshaft synthesiser.

Jason Ringenberg (for that is his name) is the son of an Illinois hog breeder and his voice has been strengthened by years of hog calling. When he protests that he is *'strangled by love'* you can almost hear the sound of the feed pail clanking and old man Ringenberg barking ferocious orders to the porker population. The band are at their best on the flag waving stompers like 'Last Time Around', filled with tense breaks and chomping rhythm guitar.

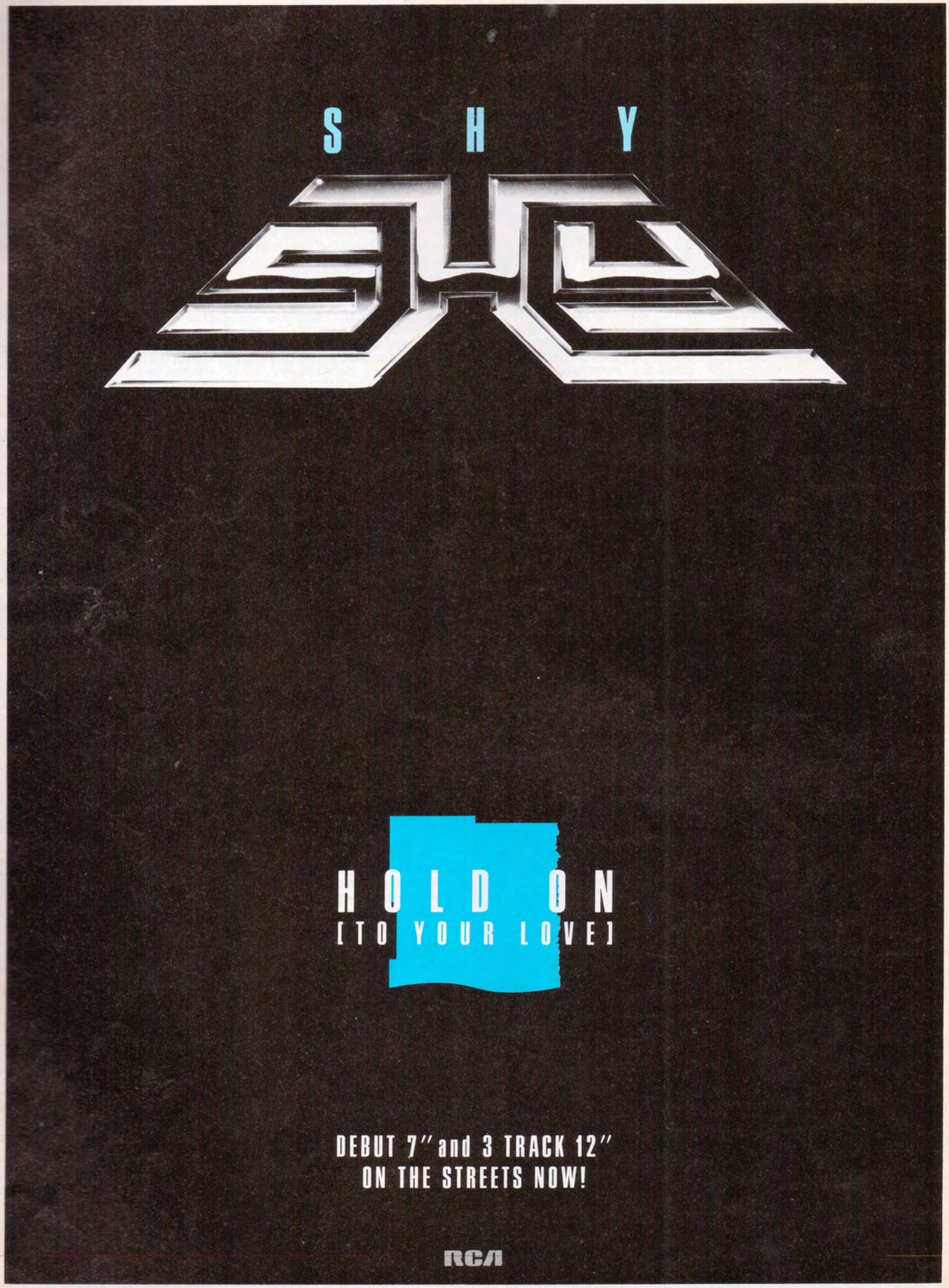
'White Lies' has a driving beat and some of the *'Yee-oughs'* employed by Ringenberg Junior are enough to drive country folk wild with excitement. Indeed on 'If Money Talks' Jason gets so carried away he seems in danger of swallowing his harmonica.

I must declare diminished enthusiasm for a lament entitled 'Blanket Of Sorrow' which has a wailing violin and pained cowboy accents. Here I am tempted to draw my Magnum, the most powerful handgun in the world, and let loose a volley of shots in the direction of Jason's chaps. But soon the band back away from sentiment and pound into 'Lost Highway', full of energetic lead guitar and locomotive drum bashing.

It sure ain't Heavy Metal but some folks around here are mighty partial to *'Nashville colored rock'* and I wouldn't be such an ornery owl hoot as to put 'em down. Let's hear it for Jason . . . YEE-HAWW!!

CHRIS WELCH

MORE REVIEWS PAGE 12


S H Y
HOLD ON
[TO YOUR LOVE]
DEBUT 7" and 3 TRACK 12"
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RCA

FROM PAGE 10

ALASKA
'The Pack'
(Music For Nations MFN 41)
KKK

SINCE LEAVING Whitesnake and failing to set the world alight with his SOS package, our man Bernie Marsden has been delivering product with an inconsistency usually associated with luminaries like Neil Young and Bruce Springsteen. Mind you, when those dudes finally pop the vinyl the result is more often than not well worth the wait. With Alaska, I'm afraid that particular theory hardly applies.

Suffering from a worrying and frankly annoying case of schizophrenia, the latest Alaska album leaves much to be desired. Staggering from style to style and mood to mood, from the melodic homogenised AOR of Journey to the beefy rumblings of Whitesnake, Marsden (I assume he is still the main plum) leads an agonising path to nowhere in particular. It's clear, from just one spin of this spasmodic pancake, that Alaska simply lack the direction, identity and depth to set them apart from the pack.

Yet, amidst all this agonising stylistic turmoil, is a burning spark that will set the pulse of any rock (note, *not* Metal) fan racing out of control like a *Sinclair C-5* driven by a well tanked-up Magnus Pike. Bob Hawthorn is the spark in question. Gifted with a voice that falls somewhere between Steve Perry (the delicacy) and Rod Stewart (the rasp), Hawthorn flexes his vox best on the album's AOR biased tunes, which provide him with the perfect springboard from which to leap and bleat at his best. His best performance can be found in the ballad 'Miss You Tonight' (a Kim Carnes composition) where his seemingly limitless range makes what is, on reflection, a fairly average song into a class composition. Similarly, 'Run With The Pack' is standard AOR riffhem brought to life by Hawthorn's treatment of the catchy hookline, and likewise 'Woman Like You', which moves at a brisk, haunting shuffle, is saved from total loss by *that* voice.

Marsden fans will be pleased to hear that he's lost none of his guitar powers, and that some of the lead runs, infills and riffs are of a standard only he can deliver. Investigate the solo in 'SOS' and the swanky riff in 'Schoolgirl' for consummate proof; not totally original but executed in a manner that negates most criticism.

The problem is that the various Alaska members are working away from each other and drifting in so many separate directions that any sense of purpose has been lost. Alaska lack real direction and if they don't opt for a positive path pretty soon then I can't honestly see much of a future for them. It's Hawthorn who stands out like a sore thumb, and personally I won't be happy until this man is given the spotlight and promotion that his talent so obviously deserves.

DEREK OLIVER

HAWTHORN 'N' MARSDEN of Alaska: frozen out!

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SISTERS OF MERCY
'First And Last And Always'
(Mercyful Release MR 337L)
KKKKK

LISTEN:

*'I looked away from Mick and saw . . . bordered by falling bodies, a Beale Street nigger . . . arms and legs stuck out at crazy angles, a nickel-plated revolver in his hand. The gun waved in the lights for a second, two seconds, then he was hit so hard by so many Angels that I didn't see the first one . . . as he jumped. I saw him as he came down, burying a long knife in the black man's back. Angels covered the black man like flies on a stinking carcass. The attackers carried the victim behind the stack of speakers, and I never saw him again.'**

Listen:

'Let's drink to the dead lying under the water/And the cost of the blood on the driven snow/ And the lipstick on my cigarettes/ Frost upon the window pane . . .'
('Nine While Nine')

Listen:

The Sisters Of Mercy are the children of Altamont, they are the inheritors of the legacy of Meredith Hunter; theirs is a world of blood and violence and tortured desperation. If you have ever reached out in the cold dark of night for someone to touch, to hold, and found nothing . . . you will already know something of the Sisters Of Mercy. If you have ever known the slow and lurking fear that someone, something, was out there in the shadows, and dared not face it, then the Sisters Of Mercy have stood there with you . . . they have been there already, seen it, touched it, tasted it.

The Sisters Of Mercy are out there somewhere, on the dark promontories of our world, mapping out the fear and the loneliness and the despair. I have sat and listened to this album over and over again, absorbing its chilling intimacy. I have known the harrowing and nucleic fear of 'Black Planet', the solitude of 'Nine While Nine' and the anguish of 'Amphetamine Logic'.

If I could, I would like to take all those bands who profess some inane and ridiculous allegiance to the 'Forces Of Darkness', their empty threats and their empty posturings, and drag them through the arcane splendour that is the Sisters' first album.

This is quite one of the most frightening albums I have ever encountered . . . because it works on fears, real fears, that we all have and try to keep hidden and in check.

It works because Craig Adams' bass lines crawl and snake and under-pin the occasional, sparse and disquieting piano and the weave and spiral of Wayne Hussey and Gary Marx's guitars. But most of all it's the Stygian chill of Andrew Eldritch's voice, a voice that articulates a helix of pain and terror and menace and confusion; this is the Sympathy For The Devil, this is the beast that Jagger raised and as quickly abandoned, this the moment of no return.

This is music for those on the very edge of the abyss, this is music of power, of black and liquid romance, this is music for the end of time . . . and I am awed by it, Gimme Shelter . . .

DAVE DICKSON

* 'The True Adventures Of The Rolling Stones' by Stanley Booth *(Heinemann)*.

JIMI HENDRIX
'Kiss The Sky'
(Polydor 823 704-1) KKK

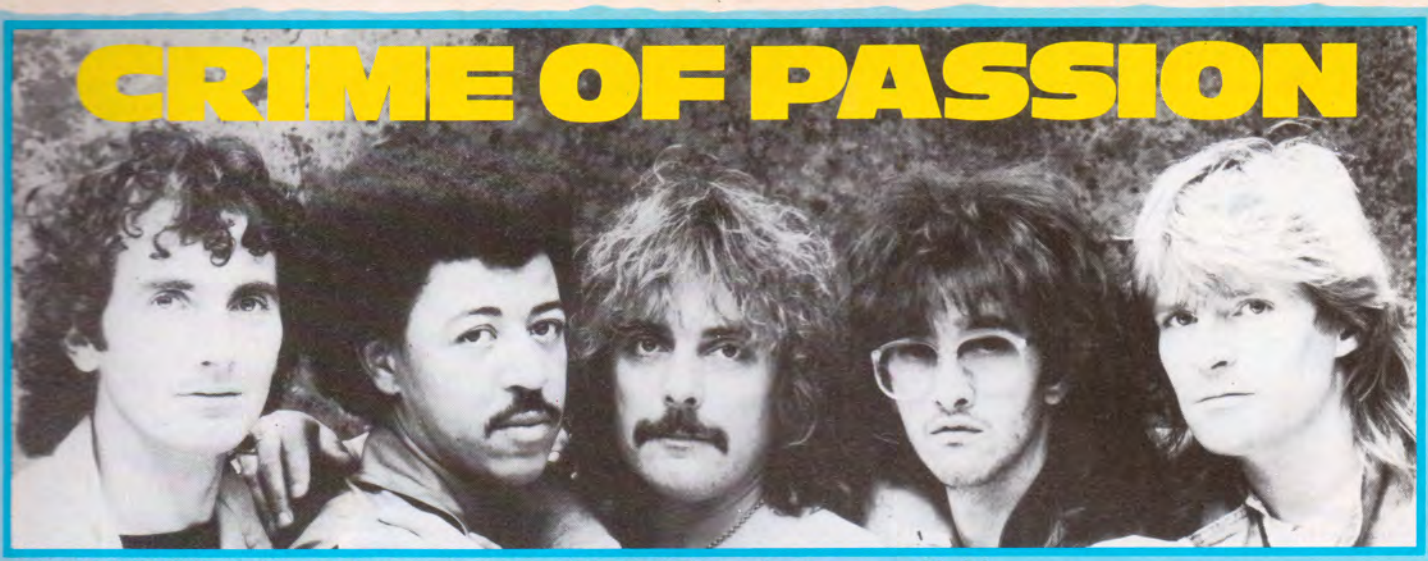
I RECKON they must be running out of titles for Jimi Hendrix compilation albums. I mean, it gets a bit embarrassing when the 'Greatest Hits' collection reaches Volume XIX and other bone-picking compilations try to out-do each other's monickers, like 'The Essential Jimi Hendrix', 'The Absolutely Essential . . .' 'The 100% Essential . . .', 'The You-Won't-Believe-How Essential . . .' and so on.

So now *Polydor*, in their infinite wisdom (and greed), have decided to start lifting lines from the poor corpse's songs (what next, 'Give The Sky One Big Snog'?) to head yet *another* thoroughly rude milking of the great man's name. I know, that's just what you need, isn't it?

Surprisingly, this particular penny-pincher has been 'released under the supervision of Alan Douglas' (Jimi's one time producer) and so *Polydor* could claim some kind of moral authority, but let's face it boyz 'n' gals, if we wanna listen to Heendrix, we dig into our collection an' play *the real thing*, right?

So, what have we here that could possibly tempt another bluey outta yer pocket? Well, there's 'Stepping Stone', the 'rare' Band Of Gypsies A-side (see 'War Heroes' and 'The Essential Jimi Hendrix'), a previously unreleased live track entitled 'Killing Floor' (recorded at the Monterey International Pop Festival in June '67 and featuring a somewhat less-than-dynamic intro by the Stones' ill-fated Brian Jones) and 'Red House', an unedited version including some

CRIME OF PASSION



PARTNERS IN CRIME: 'ultra-melodic rock counterpointed by lyrics as sharp as a razor blade'

PARTNERS IN CRIME
'Organised Crime'
(Epic Records EPC 26356)
KKKK

THE COVER sucks dirty great big ones, boys, but the music is superb!

Quality ruanch and roll romanticism recorded in pristine technicolour sound filled with aural jets of light, 'Organised Crime' is going to surprise a lot of people. The combination of one ex-Status Quo drummer (John Coghlan), one ex-Mott refugee with an electric axe to grind (Ray Majors), an ex-Moon vocalist (mighty Noel McCalla), an ex-Wildlife keyboard player (Mark De Vanchque), plus Complete Unknown bassman Mac McCaffrey may sound a little unlikely for future megastardom, but that's exactly the direction they're heading in. So hold tight on to your crash helmet my Metal mudsharks, 'cause Partners In Crime are about to do what everybody else expects a band like the Firm to do. You know . . . MAKE IT BIG! On the strength of 'Organised Crime', I would even venture to go as far as saying . . . very big indeed! *Why not?*

Indeed, the band have all bases firmly covered: the songs are uniformly high in standard; ultra-melodic rock counterpointed by lyrics as sharp as a razor blade. The performances are outstanding in every department, no exceptions. Most of all, though, it's the production by John Eden (he of recent Quo, Bonnet production chores) that separates this album from its less durable contemporaries. The technology is all Eighties electrickery enhancing the material 1,000-fold, adding a depth to the feel of the backing tracks. Anyway, I'm no studio technician so I don't know what I'm really on about here. Just take it from me that whatever it is they've done down in the lab on this album, it does sound great.

'Hollywood Dreams' opens the album in fine high-stepping style with the heat on full. 'Hold On', the hit single that never was, 'Gypsy Tricks' and 'No Way Out Of Here' also romp along with clear long strides, but its tracks like 'Heat Of The Night', 'Fools' and 'I Can't Forget' that contain the real meat of the album.

Hear this, all you Foreigner/REO Speedwagon/Firm fans . . . Partners In Crime are out gunning for your blood, and if we ain't talking serious platinum album status by the time these boys get around to recording their third or fourth album – oh, I dunno, the Queen Mother is Lemmy's grandmother, and, uh, just buy this album and introduce some sparkle into you drab dum-dum-days . . . MICK WALL

(gaspo!) *studio chatter!*

Apart from that, there's the inevitable 'Purple Haze', 'Third Stone From The Sun' and 'Are You Experienced?' from the album of the same name, 'Voodoo Chile', 'Crosstown Traffic' and 'All Along The Watchtower' from 'Electric Ladyland', plus 'I Don't Live Today' (from 'The Jimi Hendrix Concerts') and 'Castles Made From Sand' (from 'Axis: Bold As Love').

Oh well, 'till the next time . . .

MARK PUTTERFORD

MOUNTAIN
'Go For Your Life'
(Scotti Brothers FZ 40006 import) KKKK

THE BEAST is back! Loud, proud and amazingly alive, the world's greatest ever mad axeman (well, maybe Hendrix just pipped him by a short whisker!) has returned.

Leslie West, to those who've never heard of him, was once the kingpin of that great riotous neolithic Metal machine called (rather modestly) Mountain. A name that suited not only West's incredible build (he was a victim of obesity) but also his colossal style of guitar playing, which relied solely on huge amounts of amplification and pure muscular power. The sight and sound of West on stage ripping out massive powerchords in sweat soaked frenzy was, at the time, awesome. Even now his guitar work is still talked about in hushed tones and there's hardly an axeman around who hasn't been influenced at some stage by this great mountain of a man.

But, like all legends, the dream often ends in tradgedy. I'm not about to relate the details here (watch out for the upcoming feature in *Extra Kerrang!* 5) but suffice to say West's fall from grace wasn't exactly the happiest of tales. Yet, against all odds, he's back – and with one helluva album!

Fighting and soaring out of the speakers from the opening cut, West has assembled a new unit which, in my opinion, given a little more time, will easily match the fearful standard set by the original Mountain. And with long-time partner Corky Laing on drums, the circle is almost complete. In fact the only member missing is Felix Pappalardi, who died in tragic circumstances a couple of years ago. Bassman for this album, though, is Mark Clarke who, you may recall, spent time with Uriah Heep and Rainbow – you couldn't ask for a better pedigree!

Spewing layers of heavy guitar chords on songs like 'Hard Times', 'Bardot Damage' and 'Shimmy On The Footlights', West confounds the listener by bringing basically earthy early 70s sounds into the 80s *via* the use of modern technology – and the results are astounding. Add his deep, gravelly growl on top and you've got one of the few current LP releases that actually sounds fresh and alive! No mean feat when you realise that this man was almost dead 'n' buried a few years back.

An excellent album by a guitar player that has been lost for far too long, and the great thing is that this man can only get better! Now let's get him back on the stage and preferably over to the UK soon.

DEREK OLIVER

MORE REVIEWS OVER PAGE

FROM PAGE 13

INNER CITY UNIT
'New Anatomy'
(Demi Monde DM 001)
K

If you don't buy any other record this year . . . don't bother buying this one either.

DAVE DICKSON

ACCEPT
'Accept'
(Metal Masters Picture Disc METAL P101)
KKK

NEVER BEFORE officially released in the UK, the debut album from Accept was first recorded and released upon the unqualified hysteria of West German *jungen* at the butt-end of the sweet 70s.

The reason for its release now, of course, is obvious: the continuing and deserved success of the band in this country, with albums as gripping and ripping as 'Balls To the Wall' and, their most vehement offering to date, the newie 'Metal Heart'. Unfortunately, 'Accept' was never a great album back in 1978, and it isn't now.

'Lady Lou', the opening track, is about the best on offer, with Udo quelling his screaming abdab vocal histrionics of future recordings with some truly gruesome harmonies and the like.

The remaining tracks like 'Free Me Now', 'That's Rock And Roll' and 'Street Fighter' move adventurously enough but prove ultimately tiresome after repeated (two, to be precise!) listenings. The band rock, the band roll, but the material is water-weak and the performances are equally milk-warm in their nonetheless energetic execution.

To be fair, I can't lie and tell you that what this album has to offer gives any real indication of what was to come years later, thereby qualifying the album as an essential purchase for die-hard Accept fanatics only . . . who, in truth, may well own an import copy of the album already.

If you're in a big hurry to part with some money do it by shelling out on 'Metal Heart' and consign 'Accept' to your fondest memories . . .OK?

MICK WALL

UDO: memories from the days when Accept weren't Accept-like!

GRAVE DIGGER
'Witch Hunter'
(Noise Records N0020 – import)
KK

I'VE YET to take on Accept's 'Metal Heart' as a rock 'n' roll sparring partner (lamentable, though there are mitigating circumstances!) but from the gushing praise it's being awarded from all sides, it seems that Grave Digger still have some way to go before they can start to take on Krautland's (wiv a K!) premier Metal force!

The comparisons between the two acts are predictable and expected but all too obvious to ignore. Chris Boldenthal's primeval belch 'n' growl makes you see the whites of Udo's eyes *every* time, while Grave Digger's speed-influenced but not dominated approach certainly owes much to the music purveyed by Accept. The similarity in itself is no bad thing, for in a *genre* where originality is at a premium, if yer gonna clone 'em, yer may as well clone 'em good! Grave Digger have all the ingredients here . . . apart from the songs, that is!

Yup, there were plenty of us frothing at the mouth at the first Grave Digger opus, 'Heavy Metal Breakdown', a fine piece of rip-snortin' insanity, but I'm afraid that yer trusty Metal detector has found a fair few fault lines on 'Witch Hunter'! Bleep . . . bleep . . . bleep . . . it's bleak . . . bleak . . . bleak!

You can kick as much ass as you want in my book, but you've gotta have some serious tunes hidden behind the blow-out bluff! Sorry, but Grave Digger seem to have lost that knack on their new release!

Sure, there are some pretty moments. 'Love Is A Game' is a respectable ballad in typically Teutonic traditions (*cf* Accept's 'Princess Of The Dawn' and Scorpions' 'Holiday') and 'Get Ready For Power' contains some neat melodic touches from guitartist Peter Masson. 'Witch Hunter' itself is a potent butt motivator too, bar a thoroughly pointless mid-section guitar break, but . . . but . . . aw, shucks! The truth of the matter is that I don't really find myself getting too worked up about this album. My tennis racket remains in the corner, the walls are uncracked!

HOWARD JOHNSON

GUITAR PETE'S AXE ATTACK
'Dead Soldier's Revenge'
(Heavy Metal Records HM USA 31)
K

CLAP HANDS, here comes Pete. Like the baad *bandido* he portrays on the reverse of the sleeve, Guitar Pete's bad-ass LP is plainly revolting.

I've heard rubbish in my time, most of it emanating from Belgium, but this takes the fold-out cheapo umbrella award as the most parasitic heap of garbage since Lulu cut 'The Man Who Sold The World'.

Throttling his six string gun (or so he'd like to imagine) with the delicacy of Bernard Manning performing the 'Nutcracker Suite', this is, at best, rather like listening to a steam-powered traction engine with its exhaust plugged and its pistons nailed rigid. I don't believe for one moment that Ritchie Blackmore has befriended this man as his press biography claims, except perhaps to instruct him on the very rudiments of guitar technology – like which way round to hold it and how to adjust the strap. Guitar Pete is a bungling encouragement to the very worst aspects of guitar playing!

DEREK OLIVER

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May 22	Sheffield, City Hall
May 23	Manchester, Apollo
May 24	Colchester, Woods Leisure Centre
May 25	Bradford University
May 26	Blackburn, King George's Hall
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BON JOVI

AND THE ELEMENT OF FEAR

As BON JOVI prepare to lay siege to the world with the release of their second album, '7800° Fahrenheit', DAVE DICKSON braves the horrors of New York to track 'em down

Chapter One: An Englishman Abroad.

THERE'S A kind of lurking, creeping fear involved in any kind of expedition of this nature . . . don't ask me to explain it, it's just there, you know?

When the f**k-ups come you know they're going to come in spades, great irresistible walls of f**k-up that come hurtling down at you out of clear blue skies! It's grisly.

I don't know what it is about *Phonogram*, either, just that whenever our paths seem to cross something goes wrong. I suppose I should really have known better but how could I?

Unsuspecting, I launched Gung-ho into the stratosphere fortified by a couple of freebie *Pan Am*-supplied scotches.

Pan Am have their own exclusive lounge at Heathrow – very nice, very executive.

But by that time the lurking fear has already begun to nibble away at my confifdence: I'm in a middle seat.

Now, any experienced traveller will tell you that if you can sleep on a plane you should take the window seat and if you can't take the aisle seat; NEVER take the middle one, there lies the worst of all possible worlds.

Of course this situation doesn't arrive unless, like Mick Wall, you always travel C**t Class. Up in First and Club there are no such things as *middle seats*. Naturally, I'm travelling C**t Class.

A minor setback, relax, you're going to New York, the rock 'n' roll capital of the world (after Lewisham, of course). The in-flight entertainment costs an arm and a leg for a movie (*'City Heat'*) that is barely visible and barely audible.

I try plugging my *Walkman* headphones into the arm rest socket but they've obviously sussed that one already and they don't fit. I settle back and get enveloped in the Sisters Of Mercy . . . the closest this flight gets to Paradise.

"WHAT'S THE purpose of your visit?"

Business.

"What business you in?"

Journalism.

"Then why don't you have a journalist's visa?"

The man at Immigration is none too keen on the idea of an obvious degenerate and subversive like me running free throughout his country. Jesus, they wrote a constitution to keep people like me out. He eyes me suspiciously.

"I'm gonna let you in this time," he says. Big of you, I think. "But I'm gonna recommend you get the proper visa next time." He stamps something official on my passport and sends me off to customs. Hey ho, welcome to the land of the free!

"You got any ID?"

Aside from my passport, no.

"You got any proof of who you work for?"

I offer him a copy of *Kerrang!* The customs man declines. "You can go." Gee whiz, thanks, and yeah, I'll have a nice day for sure, don't you worry!

Outside the customs hall there's a big framed photo of Ronnie Reagan and a message welcoming the visitor to the land of the strong, the wise and, of course, the free. My immediate reaction is to raise a finger but fearing that some uniformed goon will cascade on to my fragile body I plump for discretion. No need, at this early stage, to infuriate the natives.

Say what you will, though, Manhattan has the most impressive skyline of any city I have ever encountered and off-set against the orange tinge of the industrial effluent it is a remarkably beautiful and, yes, inviting sight.

Chapter Two: Beware Low Flying F**k-Ups.

THE MAYFLOWER Hotel stands on the south-west corner of the infamous Central Park. It is still a favourite hang-out amongst the music-biz set. Both Stevie Ray Vaughn and UB40 are there when I arrive, very tired, very annoyed and a little breathless.

"Ahh, I have a reservation, the name is Dickson." The asshole behind the reception desk misses the first part of my opening. He peers smugly over his self-satisfied moustache and says: "Your name is Dickson? That's nice, so?"

So I have a reservation. There are times when my habitual restrained nature comes perilously close to snapping and rejecting all those millions of years of evolution and civilsation. I would like, at this moment, to rip this bastard's spleen right out and string his entrails through the revolving door.

And, dammit all, as the confounded luck would have it, I *don't* have a reservation at all. I have flown 3,000 miles for this indignity, I have travelled for over 12 hours to be so indiscriminately snubbed. My nerve ends are tasting a mixture of panic, confusion and anger . . . . someone will pay for this!

Perhaps it is only the fact that I have a valid credit card that persuades them to rent me a room, who knows? Whatever, my efforts to contact *Polygram* New York fall on stoney ground which means that the planned trip to Meadowlands to catch the last night of an incredible two week run by Deep Purple comes to nought. Blackmore, I am told later, is playing better than ever alongside slimmed-down versions of Ian Gillan and Jon Lord, producing some positively inhuman guitar. They have also been signing footballs as competition prizes; the media circus keeps rollin' along!

So cancel Deep Purple. The Mayflower has all the appearance of a once great and prosperous hotel now in a state of inexorable decline. The place is charged to the hilt with static electricity, whenever your hand comes into contact with any metal object blue sparks spew out in all directions. My fingers quickly grow numb with pain.

On with the TV. There's no less than 14 channels of s**t on my TV, but then I don't have cable. Only one, HBO (Home Box Office) isn't plagued with incessant commercials and when I do eventually find something worthwhile to watch, *'M*A*S*H*, the thing's been overdubbed with canned laughter. It's dispiriting. Then I find *'Dallas'*. It's an old episode I've never seen before so I gaze at Victoria Principal for a while and then decide to make a move into the nightlife.

Chapter Three: Service!? What Service??!!

WHAT'S THE most grisly scenario you can imagine for one of these trips? Try this for size: I've been up for almost 24 hours how, I've come 3,000 miles to an apparently unfriendly city that has so far treated me like an outbreak of leprosy and then the first face I recognise in this benighted conurbation belongs to none other than Doc Doom himself? Pass the valium, sugar.

Doc Doom and his pet gerbil, Cronin, have winged their way into New York just ahead of me. Doom leaves a message for me to rendezvous at the Caliente Cab Co., a *chic* downtown (see how quick we pick up the vernacular here?) restaurant in the Greenwich Village area of New York.

The gorgeous, pouting Ida S. Langsam (see *Kerrangs* passim) holds court along with numerous friends and some bozo in a suit whose claim to fame is that he manages a band called DC Star about whom I know absolutely nothing.

He, his lead singer and his girlfriend leave shortly after depositing a meagre $30 towards the extravagant bill that amounts to an incredible $192! This exhorbitant figure includes a 20% service charge. This is outrageous. I haven't been here 30 seconds and I'm being robbed blind already! You ever been mugged by a restaurant bill?

I take my seat next to Doom.

"Ahh!" he cries, "we didn't think you were going to make it!"

He wasn't the only one. I explain, in as level tones as possible, that in fact I've only come by tonight to tell Doc my Jewish joke and, that done, I'm flying out again. But Doom persuades me to stay. They

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JON BON JOVI
Pic Ross Halfin

BON JOVI

FROM PAGE 16

bring me some Mexican food. You know what *really* makes me sick . . .

The hordes depart, Ida says we should check out the nightlife at one of New York's hippest venues, *Limelight*. Cronin isn't too happy about the idea, well, it's late and he's got to get up in the morning. Actually the boy is suffering from an acute attack of gut-rot but is too embarrassed to say so in front of so many women.

This is not a man built for speed . . . or even rock 'n' roll, for that matter. His is the frailest of constitutions and looks set to explode at the slightest provocation: Now, what *really* makes me puke, Pete, is when . . .

Limelight is situated in a converted church and tonight appears to be transvestite night with all manner of gross and obscene caricatures swanning about looking to get their asses tickled. Cronin looks distinctly ill. Ida asks us if we want to stick around here and soak up some of the atmosphere but Cronin thinks that maybe we really should be getting back to the hotel . . . say goodnight to the folks, Gracie.

Back at the Mayflower we dose ourselves up on static and, while Cronin takes root on the toilet, puts his head between his knees and opens up the sluice-gates at both ends, Doom and I head out into the early morning air and sample some more of this 24-hour city. Slowly, but slowly, I'm coming round to this way of life. There are very definitely some compensations.

Chapter Four: Don't Swear, You Lose Your Authority When You Swear!

DOC DOOM decrees 8:30am to be the time for arising. Doom will never be a rock 'n' roller so long as he persists in this unholy hour of awakening but I acquiesce given that I have to pack as much as humanly possible into these three short days, and today is Bon Jovi day.

Cronin, white-faced and grimacing, joins us at the breakfast table. Doom has ordered bagels and toast, I toast and tea; Doom gets coffee and nothing, I get a fruit juice and coffee . . . I should be thankful for small mercies. Doom is incensed, the veins begin to appear over his temples, fangs begin to slide into his lower lip and a curious glassy expression swims over his face.

"Where's my breakfast??!" he growls at the quivering waiter, "I've waited 45 minutes for my breakfast, now where the f**k is it??!" The cringing Manuel scurries off to find the manager. "Don't swear," advises the sickly Cronin, "you lose authority when you begin to swear!"

The manager obsequiously apologises and Doom clutches on to the bottom of his seat to restrain himself from leaping across the table and planting a pair of fangs into this jerk's jagular.

We never get the toast or bagels.

Chapter Five: Number Three On The List

UP TO *Atlantic Records* and time to kick some serious ass. Doom is here to meet Fiona, his latest discovery and *Atlantic's* latest signing. We converge in the office of their effervescent publicity director, Patti Conte, and from there I spit venom down the phone to *Polygram*: "Someone," I declare, "f**ked up and f**ked up badly!"

Steve Pritchitt, *Polygram's* Director Of International Promotion, can only sit in the office and agree that, yes, someone did indeed f**k up over my hotel booking but it wasn't him, honest. He will see what can be done. Heads will roll.

Moments later *Phonogram* are calling from London apologising profusely for the screw up, failing to understand how it can have happened and asking how they can possibly make it up to me. The next day it occurs to me how they can make it up, they can pay for me to stay an extra night in New York; but by this time whatever semblance of guilt *Phonogram* have felt for sending an unaccompanied journalist across the other side of the Atlantic for a front cover story to be then left at entirely his own devices to engage transport to the city and *then* a hotel for two nights, has clearly vanished like the morning mist. They refuse to pay.

When it comes to lunch with Fiona Flanagan, however, Doc Doom knows no such qualms! Doom has turned strangely quixotic of late whenever this girl's name has been mentioned and in her presence his usual iron-cast professionalism turns to putty. Lunch is on him and he gamely waves his Gold Dingwalls Card in the direction of the bill . . . nothing is too expensive or too much trouble. These are clearly the actions of a man in love; I feel peculiarly insecure all of a sudden. We quit the Assembly restaurant before they realise Doom's credit card is entirely bogus and head off toward the Rockefeller Plaza where skaters career

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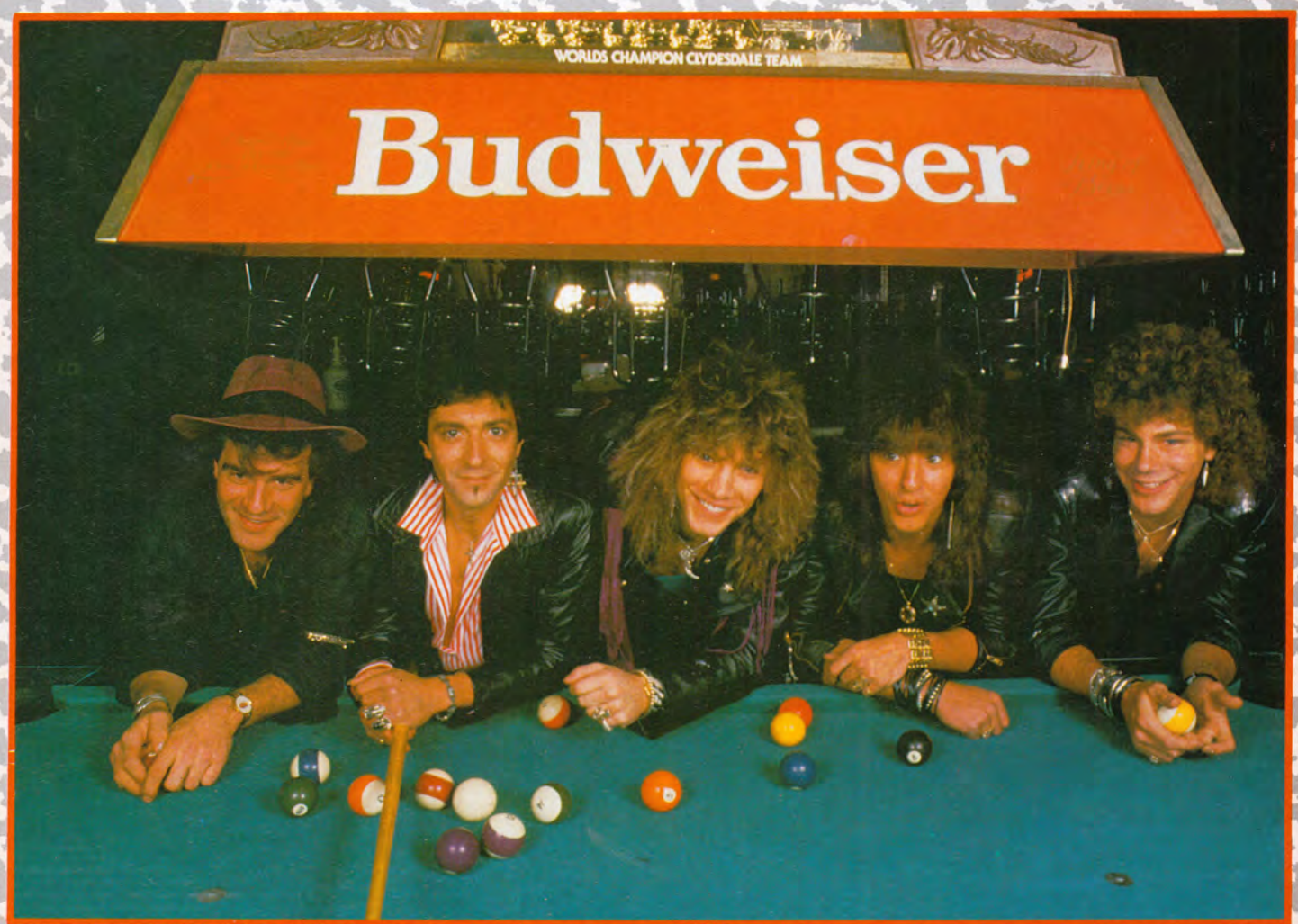

Pic Ross Halfin

BON JOVI (from left): Tico Torres, Alex John Such, Jon Bon Jovi, David Rushbaum and Richie Sambora

THE NEW ALBUM

SIRE

Distributed by wea Records Ltd. A Warner Communications Co.

BON JOVI

FROM PAGE 18

drunkenly over the artificially frozen goldfish pond.

"You know," confides Doc Doom, "this girl is definitely third on my list." Modesty prohibits my revealing who the first two are, however. Nevertheless, Doom spends lunch whispering sweet nothings in Fiona's ear and telling her how wonderful her album is. Back at *Atlantic's* offices I pull Ms Flanagan aside for a quiet, confidential word of warning.

"There's something you should know about Malcolm," my tone dropping to a conspiratorial whisper.

"Oh yes," breathes Fiona, a rather beautiful, fragile girl who looks not unlike Lee Aaron and sings not unlike Ellen Foley, "what's that?"

"He's an inveterate liar."

Chapter Six: They Just Don't Make Bordellos Like They Used To.

BON JOVI time has arrived and it's off to New Jersey with my tape-recorder in tow. By now *Polygram* have started to pull their finger out and there's a limo waiting to take me south to a little town called Perth Amboy, near Sayreville, Jon Bon Jovi's home town, where they are rehearsing for their upcoming world tour.

JON BON JOVI: "I listened to a lot of U2's Bono; the guy is ridiculous, he sings too good!"

Pic Ross Halfin

To make the introductions and generally make sure I don't get lost (by this time *Polygram* are convinved that *Kerrang!* have despatched a mental defective to cover this assignment!) Steve Pritchitt sends along his secretary, Laurie, who also bears a copy of the new Bon Jovi waxing, '7800° Fahrenheit'. This figure, I am told, is significant since it represents the temperature of an exploding volcano. I take their word for this.

The limo, naturally enough, has a chauffeur. His name is Bill and he's only here to help out a friend. Under any normal circumstances Bill is a musician himself and plays the French Horn in preference to driving Lincoln Roadhawks. He enquires after the fortunes of Meat Loaf who gets raised in Music Biz conversation. Bill, it turns out, played on 'Bat Out Of Hell'. Small world.

The Seven Arches in Perth Amboy, near the coast of New Jersey (Springsteen – and Bon Jovi, let us not forget – country), is spectacularly, and indeed *beautifully*, seedy.

"It looks like some kind of old Wild West Bordello," says Bill, and the man has nailed it

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instantly. Everywhere is decked out in a deep, plush crimson with ornate plaster statues and carvings all around the walls and in every corner. The lights are low and subdued, the colours meld easily, everything is hushed.

In one of the carved, velvet-cushioned chairs Jon Bon Jovi sits hunkered down with a telephone receiver cradled on his shoulder. In one of the back rooms, hung with elaborate chandeliers and bedecked with what may even be fresh roses, Bon Jovi have set up their equipment in this New Jersey backwater and begun to rehearse.

In a matter of days their second album will be pressed, a single, 'Only Lonely', will be out, a video will be made, promotion will be eked out of them and they will be off to Japan to begin the first leg of their world tour on April 18. Now they take some time to pull up a few chairs and chew the bit with the guy who just flew out from England to talk to them.

But first, a word from our sponsors: '7800° Fahrenheit' is an exceptionally good album. If Bon Jovi's debut LP had a fault it was that it was overtly 'poppy', whereas on this outing these boys have gone for gold and produced a markedly heavier album without sacrificing the melodies that made the first so appealing. And given that Bryan Adams has suddenly made Transaltantic rock respectable again there is no earthly reason why Bon Jovi shouldn't succeed this year in becoming ridiculously huge in Britain and Europe. And it couldn't happen to a nicer bunch of people. But back outside to the telephone.

Jon Bon Jovi (actually, it's spelt Bongiovi and the Tony Bongiovi who gets a production credit on the first album is his uncle – I think – while his father is an expatriot hairdresser and the man responsible for the band's hairstyles. I mention this because the fact that his band *look* so good has had no small influence in their becoming the second biggest – so I was informed, independently – attraction on the Japanese market after Michael Schenker! This is a very pretty boy!) is rather smaller than I expected and looks almost painfully thin. He is also painfully quiet.

He is obviously uncomfortable under this close *Kerrang!* scrutiny and while not actually an unwilling interviewee would probably much prefer to be doing something else entirely.

Guitarist Richie Sambora, who runs his boss a close second in the Nipponese popularlity polls, is a man with a mouth to match his fretboard. Here is a man who loves to talk. Drummer Tico Torres sits quietly for part of the interview and then, as quietly, slips away. Keyboardist David Rashbaum chips in occasionally and only Alec 'Tank Commander' Such remains absent throughout.

Chapter Seven: Let's Do The F**king Interview, OK?

LET US embark then on some serious debate.

"This album is a bit harder," contests Richie, "a little bit of a stronger statement on where we're coming from, it's more positive."

"The first album," explains Jon, "was written from the point of view of five guys from New Jersey. Then we toured the world for a year and talked to kids and saw who our audience was and saw what the band was. Remember, we weren't together more than two months before we got signed!"

So how did their perspective on the world change over that world tour?

"We lost respect for women," quips David.

But contact with their audience became an essential levelling factor on that tour especially since the band aren't that much older than the people paying to see them.

"We're not 40-year old guys with toupées that pretend to believe in the kids and tell them, Oh, everything can be alright! What do they know driving around in their Ferarris, living in mansions? They don't know what it's like to touch the kids in the first row because they don't do it any more . . . but we do!"

"We're saying, Hey man, so the world's a little f**ked up, when you come to see Bon Jovi . . . have a party!" Richie would advocate that the music is the message!

To this day, however, I have not seen Bon Jovi in action. When they toured with Kiss last year word came over from the Kiss office that on no account was I to be allowed into any of the shows since I'd dared to slag 'Animalize'. Now, ordinarily this wouldn't have worried me, but I *did* want to see Bon Jovi!

"Those guys can't take a joke!" smiles Tico.

"Ahh, man, we'd have smuggled you in!" cries Richie, "put a hat on and sunglasses you coulda walked in behind me! 'Hey, who's that!?' Don't worry, he's with me!"

Doc Doom had already slagged Bon Jovi for being a bunch of wimps and I was anxious to check them out for myself.

"I saw that article," exclaims Jon, "and I agreed with him! I remember exactly by the pants I was wearing (jeans to you 'n' me, squire) . . . there was this one pair of pants I was wearing if I had less than two feet of

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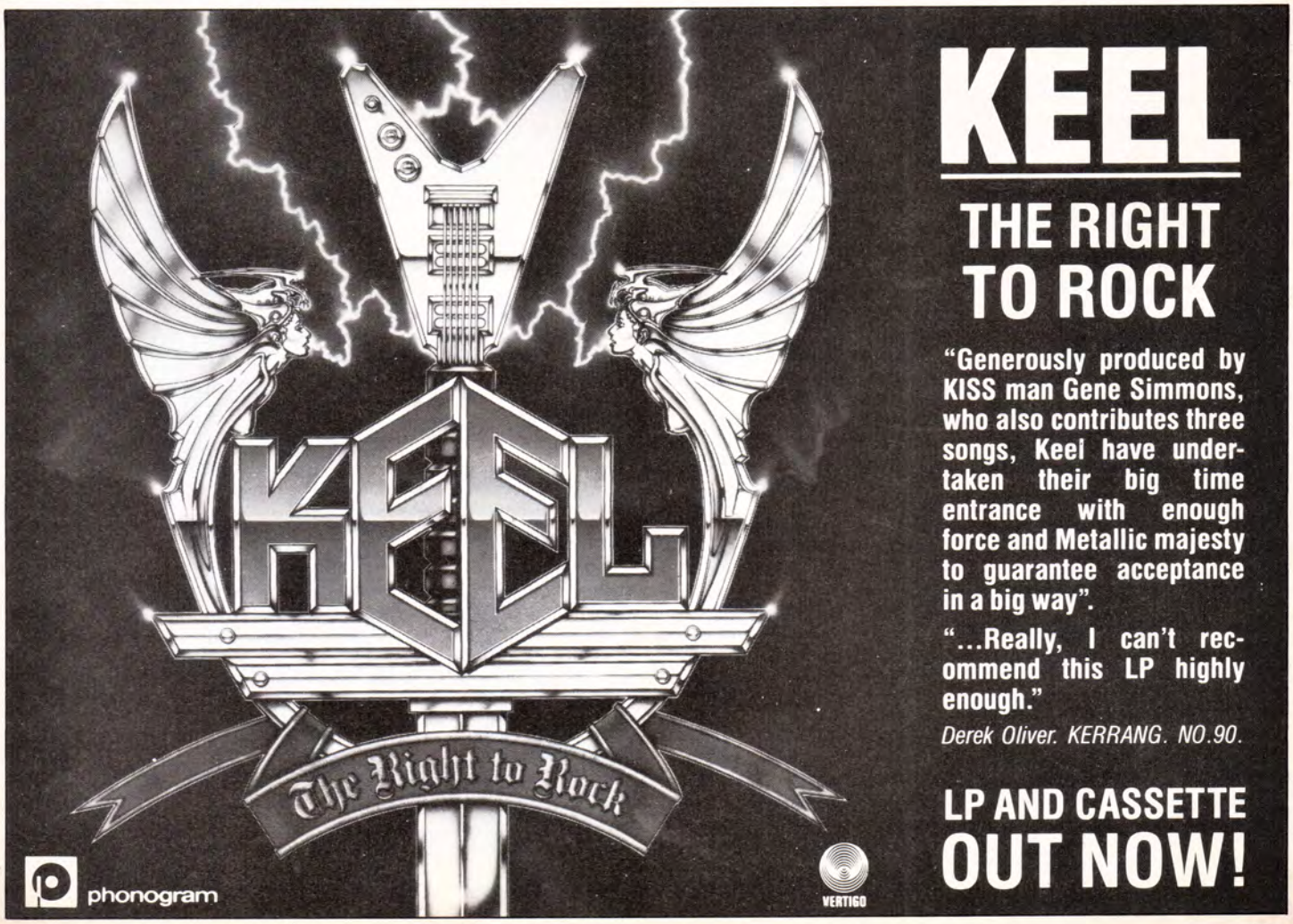

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Derek Oliver. KERRANG. NO.90.

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GIMME SHELL-TER

Take cover, cos ADAM BOMB (pictured right) is about to drop the Big One! By LAURA CANYON

"I'M ADAM Bomb and this here is my band and this lady's here from international magazine *Kerrang!* and she's here to interview me." A voice louder than the decor in an Indian take-away is accompanied by an on-the-spot rock star swagger. Adam Bomb's got natural rhythm; either that or fleas in his insoles.

We're standing at the entrance of LA's famed Rainbow Bar & Grill and the doorman doesn't look or sound too impressed – but he lets us in anyway, and a nonchalant waitress directs us to a semi-circular table in direct line of fire of the speakers, which are spewing out some of the most Godawful music I've heard since the Styx solo albums.

Oh yes. Albums. Adam Bomb's got one, and that's the reason I'm here. A bloody good one, too – an accessible, lived-in-sounding voice, sort of Ian Hunter only 21 years old; hell, there's even a cover of 'All The Young Dudes'. But it doesn't stop at glitter, *uh-huh,* there's slick but heavy stompers like 'Fatal Attraction' and air-punching anthems like 'I Want My Heavy Metal'. . .

Hard to make Mr Bomb out on record. Harder still to make him out in person; he's the sort that gets your back up at first, you know the type, 'on' all the time, but after an hour squashed up at the table you start to figure out he's probably more overwhelmed by what's happening to him than he is interested in trying to overwhelm the interviewer. Adam Bomb is an Aerosmith fanatic who's got an ex-Aerosmith (Jimmy Crespo) playing guitar for him; a rock fan with a great rock and roll band: "I feel like I'm the luckiest boy on Earth; it's beyond my wildest dreams," he gushes.

THE WAITRESS manages to drag herself away from a pack of aged pot-bellied roadies, belching in her ear like antique stoves, long enough to bring us some drinks. The music just keeps on thrum-thrum-trumming.

"This is what it's all about," shouts Adam. "I know exactly where this is coming from. I was the ultimate rock fan, I would spend any amount of money on getting any sort of picture or live bootleg tape or going to see a concert of my favourite group. I would have killed, kicked and clawed to see them.

"And I know how these groups affected me and I know somewhere in this great big world there's a million kids growing up that are just like me. And I want to get to these kids and reach them like the generation above did me. It's the next generation. If this was 1960 I'd probably be a hippy. *Hey*, the fact is that I'm a pretty old fashioned guy. I haven't even pierced my ears!"

He wears leather, he wears scarves, he looks like a Mardi Gras Eddie Van Halen before-the-haircut.

"Eddie Van Halen was my idol for quite some time! He even signed the back of my guitar. I still carry his autographs with me in my jacket pocket. To me a rock star, as my dad would see it, is some long-haired fool with a guitar and that, to me, is a good description."

"If this was 1960 I'd probably be a hippy. Hey, the fact is that I'm a pretty old-fashioned guy. I haven't even pierced my ears!"

It's something he always wanted to be. "Yeah, my sister used to have Elton John records and I can remember sitting on her bed and looking at the lyrics and stuff. I used to quit school to listen to Rush. I would sit learning every solo note-for-note and stuff. And then all of a sudden Van Halen came out and I started getting real heavy into that trip. I was like a real hotshot lead guitar player in Seattle."

He's been playing since he was 13. He's been singing only a year or so, "out of desperation. I'd been with singers who were either not into it or wanted to sing about moutains and flowers or alcohol and drug problems, and it was such a drag having to rely on a singer." So he did it himself.

"I sound like myself," he says in reply to my Ian Hunter probings. (As for the 'Dudes' cover, "It's just what I would want to say if I wrote it myself.")

SO HE was in a bunch of cover bands, "high school bands", when he started thinking: it's high-time to high-tail it out of town and seek fame and fortune in Hollywood.

He saved up dough to travel to LA working in his father's bakery. "I earned 13 bucks an hour. That's where I wrote most of my songs. I'd put the bagels in the oven and go sit up front and work on my song, and when the bell rings I'd go pull them out and go back and work on my song."

In Los Angeles he was given the cold-shoulder. "I practically begged on my knees to get in some bands and I couldn't even get auditions.

"I was pretty scared for a long time. The whole year I was living in LA I felt like the scum of the earth, I didn't know what I was going to do. I'd gotten friendly with Black 'N Blue, seen all this good stuff happening to them, and they'd seen me play in one of my earlier bands and we both became influences on each other. At the same time I was alone, I was really hungry, and I just stuck with it. I don't know too many people that have gone out and really tried by themselves."

Black 'N Blue gave him his name. "My real name's Adam Brenner, that's no secret. My friend Tommy Thayer (B'NB guitarist) – I used to live next door to him in Hollywood and I used to make all these guitar noises that sound like bombs, and he comes up to me one day and goes 'You should call your band Adam Bomb'. So I told him, 'Sure'."

Top management man David Krebs liked the name anyway, least that's what he said when Adam accosted him backstage at a Michael Sckenker gig in San Franciso and foisted a copy of a video of himself on the man. It impressed one of Krebs' assistants, and shortly Adam got a manager, a record label, an album (released in Japan, soon to be released in the US) and a band. "I'm honoured to play with these guys, I love these guys and I wouldn't want anyone else," swears Adam.

On my right, Mr Jimmy Crespo, soft-spoken gentleman, as modest as Adam is loud. Must be very different from being in Aerosmith?

"It is. But when I joined Aerosmith I joined a band that already was. It was always like, well, Joe Perry was *original.*"

Which must have hurt a bit.

"No, not at all. It was great. I have no hard feelings about anything."

So he was looking for a new band "and one of the people at Leber-Krebs gave me a tape and said, this is s**t-hot. I listened, and I thought it was pretty good stuff."

And it's a long term band, says Jimmy, "Otherwise I wouldn't be here."

But how does it feel playing behind someone with his name on the top, out of the limelight, just a hired hand?

"The band is not centred that way, as you'll see when the record comes out and we play live, though it seems right now that's the way it is."

Is Adam Bomb any good as a guitarist?

"Yeah, he's a cool guitar player. I hated playing with two guitars, I really did, because it gives you no freedom to do anything. But in this particular situation it's fine; I'll sit back and support and then he'll support. It's good. When we play we have a good time and we hope to get everybody else to have a good time.This band is a real rock and roll band, not some pseudo-monsters-and-robots and all that crap."

Sandy Slavin, the drummer, agrees. He's only been in the band a week – "And I feel right at home". Real home is New Jersey. Sandy Slavin used to drum with Riot.

Now that was a band that should have been huge; but various business problems and constant "beating your head up against a wall" put it to rest. "Everybody just said, let's try something else. But it's worked out for the best," grins Sandy, "because I'm real happy with this situation – playing with Phil again. Because I played with him when I first joined Riot."

Phil is Phil Feit, who played bass with Riot when I interviewed them a few decades ago and still doesn't look a day over 16. Could have something to do with the three years he spent afterwards with Billy Idol.

"I did his first solo album, his first American and European tours and just went nuts, it was great; but I had to leave because I wasn't getting enough input into what was going on."

SO WHAT'S Adam Bomb got that no other band has?

"I'd say four strong individuals who can really work together without any ego problems or bickering," says Phil, and I'll believe anything an ex-Rioter tells me. "There's a magic, and that's what's going to make the band work. I don't think it's glitter rock. I think it's '80s sex rock!"

Adam is bouncing again. "I'm drunk and I'm tired and I'm done hunting! I'm fine just the way I am!"

Jimmy Crespo, Sandy Slavin and Phil Feit seem to agree.

Pic Ross Halfin

FIONA

FORGET ABOUT Ali vs. Frazier, Godzilla vs. King Kong and Liverpool vs. Everton, this is truly *the* Clash Of The Titans. And all brought about by a gorgeous young fox called Fiona.

Let me explain. This totally beautiful 23-year-old temptress from New Jersey has captured my heart, stolen my soul and fatally wounded my emotions. I am in love with the American *chanteuse*. However, I have a rival. His name is Ross Halfin, who recently proclaimed undying lust for Fiona after snapping a severe photo session with her on the banks of the Manhattan humanoid flow. If you study the pic reproduced here, it shouldn't take you long to realise that Pat Benatar, Lita Ford and Lee Aaron have been permanently displaced as the ultimate rock 'n' roll female sex symbols. We're talkin' serious heart palpitations here, folks!

So, the die is cast and all that remains is for Halfin to choose the weapons . . . and prepare for annihilation on the fields of ire!

Moreover, Fiona can sing like a dreamscape princess. Just check out her sensational debut, self-titled album on the US *Atlantic* label, featuring such monster masterpieces as 'Talk To Me' (her current single), 'You're No Angel', 'James' and 'Na Na Song'. Matching the hard rock expertise of producer Peppi Marchello (formerly with the Good Rats) to the guitar grind of ex-Starz man Bobby Messano, Fiona comes up with a *tour de force* vocal performance. She *will* be a superstar, of that have *no* doubt! For more info on the wonder girl, see the full-faced *Mills & Boone* inspired feature in our next issue. In the meantime . . . Halfin, prepare to meet thy maker (*you mean Dr. Phibes? – Ed*).

MALCOLM DOME

Pic Ross Halfin

MAMA'S BOYS *(from left):*
John McManus, Pat McManus
and Tommy McManus

Pic Ray Palmer

COUNTRY BOYS

Can MAMA'S BOYS (pictured left) grow up in time to come to terms with the realities of big business rock'n'roll? According to DEREK 'Media Mogul' OLIVER, they're well on their way. . .

WOKE UP one morning and found myself a lawyer . . .

". . . It's not like the early days anymore, where nobody cared if something didn't go to plan. In those days we used to laugh it off. Now we wake up with heavy responsibilities – five or six road crew, a manager, stacks of gear, a record company running around us talkin' money, big money. It's a business and I respect that, but for guys who just wanna play music it all seems a bit over the top . . ." – Pat McManus, Mama's Boys lead guitarist.

A period of transition? Not that I'm trying to dampen enthusiasm or destroy the motivation of a distant dream, but it's easy to be a mite cynical when you're in possession of a bagful of questions like I am. Thing is, it seems to me that out of the hundreds 'n' thousands of young hopefuls clamouring their way into the hearts and souls of rock fans throughout the length 'n' breadth of Britain, Mama's Boys are perhaps the band most likely to succeed.

And that's the very rub! At what price this commercial reward? Fact is, most bands in their position have very little to lose and everything to gain, but Mama's Boys, on the other hand, if you stretch your imagination, could be in danger of drifting into a luxury gap that negates the very reason for their individuality.

Cast your mind back, if you will, to their early output – the official bootleg and the superb, if financially restrictive, statement of the 'Plug It In' opus. Both releases, although tortuously under produced, contained an immense cross-section of material from incredibly powerful Metal and raucous blues boogie right down the musical scale to (near) Cajun influenced reels and jigs. Material that established them as obvious leaders amidst a field of totally mundane competition.

For me, and I expect the same goes for you too, it's exactly this variety in their output that pointed the finger of potential firmly in their direction. If any band can possibly climb to the mega heights reached (and, come to think of it, set) by rock 'n' roll trailblazers of the Zep/Purple class, then Mama's Boys are near odds-on favourites to join them.

The signing to *Jive* Records, although a Godsend financially, *has* had an effect on their direction; although it could be argued that the band were always heading for a heavier direction anyway. The 'Mama's Boys' LP last year featured a fine selection of re-recorded material drawn from their early days, designed to introduce them to America. Producer Chris Tsangarides successfully rounded off the low budget rawness of cheapo-cheapo original versions and came up with a fine assortment of accessible (perhaps the most dangerous word here!) power hungry cuts perfectly suited to modern hi-fi technology and American radio play.

'POWER AND Passion', their new album, continues in the footsteps of their *Jive* debut, once again produced by Chris Tsangarides. Packed with stunning energy and electrified intensity it is, at the very least, a knockout achievement and I'll admit that my initial reaction (first heard one Saturday evening in late February) was nothing less than ecstatic. Recorded in the prestigious and totally baffling complexities of Battery Studios, London the 'Power And Passion' will, I'm sure, be regarded in the future as Mama's Boys' stepping stone to the giant stages of international acceptance.

But, for my part, and really I don't wish to make it sound that drastic, this obvious stab for commercial acceptance has brought to the surface a slight, albeit rather pedantic, twinge of reticence. The trouble is, I love this band so much for what they are (natural, honest and extremely talented), that I'm a little worried they might end up following a proven and perhaps formularised path to that mythical pot of gold that buggers like myself spend hours creating in waffling prose.

Both Pat and John McManus (bass/vocals) are well in tune with my drift and they've already given determined consideration to this forbidding (if, indeed, it could be labelled such) problem.

PAT, IN his soft Irish accent, is first to comment:

"The direction isn't consciously planned, and by that I mean we don't write to formula, it's just that we felt at this stage it was important to get the directness across to the fans. I suppose you could say that it's a little more focussed than previously.

"The funny thing about this album is that we'd been listening to a lot of the old Slade records and somehow I think we've been influenced by that anthemic feel – let's have fun y'know? I honestly don't think we'll ever get stuck in one groove, that's for sure; it's just plain boring and artistically it's no good, either."

Mmmmmm . . . Things are looking seriously better. But talk of settling into a comfortable and defined groove leads rather quickly to the 'Power And Passion' LP sleeve. For me, and perhaps you, it's a harmless (and incredibly tasteful!) pointer to the music and attitude the band portrays. However, to outsiders, the general body of record buyers, it could be seen as a pretentious, and perhaps puerile, archetype harbouring a bunch of wild Heavy Metal Herberts – which Mama's Boys certainly aren't.

"Yeah," Pat continues, "you are right to an extent. It's off-putting to a lot of people and it's one of the reasons why the sleeve has been changed for America (the photo of the band on the reverse of the UK cover will take its place). But the sleeve was designed to tie in with that move to define our direction."

"Unfortunately," interjects John, "a lot of people judge a book by its cover and it *does* put the band into the Heavy Metal category. But the LP isn't Metal, it has a lot more variety than you might expect. We've got to work to an image, a direction."

"IN THE States," continues Pat, "you've got to be careful what you do. *MTV* isn't playing videos featuring sex, drugs or violence . . . that sort of attitude could easily spread to LP sleeves."

As with their last album, the Boys have once again included re-recorded versions of old songs, notably 'Straight Forward (Never Looking Back)' and (my favourite Mama's Boys cut) 'Needle In The Groove'. Why?

"Yeah, a lot of people are probably asking the same question," says John. "If we had our own way we wouldn't have done them, but the boss (*are you referring to* Jive *or Paul Suter? – Ed*) felt that these songs could do a lot more. So this time around we did them properly, gave them a big production. In total we recorded 17 tracks, and the record company chose the final nine. That may seem a bit strange, but if they don't believe in the product then it won't get pushed as much as material *they* actually choose – then *they're* committed to it.

"We did 'Needle In The Groove'," adds Pat, "because America wants it as a single. So many people have reacted to it, they think it'll make an impact for us."

When one considers that these three lads have only been listening to rock music for six years without having even seen *'Top Of The Pops'* prior to that, you can't help but be impressed.

Says Pat: "One of the reasons we've managed to get so far this quickly is because we were so naive. We didn't have barriers thrown around us like most bands simply because we didn't know they existed.

John: "We really had no idea how rock 'n' roll worked at all. We thought the Irish ballrooms were the best you could do – places like the Hammersmith or Birmingham Odeons didn't exist as far as we were concerned."

"THE TROUBLE," interrupts Pat, "is that when you're in this business it's hard to get back to reality. You begin to question the whole thing . . . like, am I really worth anything, is it really happening and am I conning people left right and centre? You become a little paranoid.

"There's so many outward going people that you meet, so forward, sometimes I don't feel myself with them at all. We're from the country and that whole star trip doesn't appeal to us whatsoever.

"Basically, all three of us are out to make music and have some fun."

"One of the reasons we've managed to get so far is because we were so naive. We didn't have barriers thrown around us like most bands simply because we didn't know they existed!"

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KOMMUNIQUE

Say it loud to Kerrang!, Spotlight Publications, Greater London Hou

AOR-GHHH!

WHY IS it that record companies wait months before releasing an album in Britain after poor sods like me have shelled out nearly a tenner when it was first out on import?

I am, of course, one of that growing breed in Britain, the AOR fan. Therefore it's bands like Night Ranger, Streets, Spys, Giuffria, Michael Bolton, White Sister *et al* that get me reaching for my cheque book.

Now I don't mind emptying my pockets for these bands, especially when there are great shops like *Shades* which specialise in imports and let you listen to the whole album before purchase. What does piss me off is when I pay £8 to £10 for a particular record then, two months later, read that it's about to be released over here. If the record companies wait to see how successful a particular album is in the import charts, then by the time they release it over here most people who want it will already have it.

The purpose of this letter is to ask your magazine to do an article on the subject. Maybe with an interview with a company executive and to try to find an alternative to the problem. The trouble is that it's putting me off buying *any* imports at the moment because I don't want to lose out again.

Anyway, the ball's in your court now . . . **Simon Goffin, Charlton, London SE7**

GEE, THANKS

WHAT MAGAZINE prints such amazingly excellent photos that readers become utterly possessed and cut them out to plaster them over their old, decaying posters?

What magazine introduces new groups that drive mothers insane, grannies deaf and the fans wild?

What magazine spreads the juiciest HM/HR gossip – in the best possible taste?

What magazine provides good and even brilliant articles every other week?

Think very hard (ouch). What magazine gives us everything listed above (and more) for only 80p?

Yeah, you guessed – *Kerrang!*

Keep up the good work, lads and lasses. **Tricia in Sussex.**

RIPPED AND TORN

CONCERNIN' TARAZARA'S vocalist Danielz' comment in *Kerrang!* number 90 about "Bands like the Babysitters and Marionette going onstage with torn satin trouserrs" – WHA-A-AT?! Since when? Satin, my dear, has never had the pleasure of huggin' my tender flesh. Sure, I've been seen wearin' the occasional tastefully torn top – but my *femme* fans are usually responsible for that!

Like, I don't mean to sound bitchy (yes I do! yes I do!) but anyone who can be photographed (check out pic in Tarazara feature) lookin' like a psychedelic cabbage with a Coco The Clown make-up job while talkin' about "presenting ourselves in a classy manner" has gotta be kiddin'. Y'all dig?

Yours 4 ever rockin', **Ray Zell, Marionette.**

OUT TO STUD

AFTER FLICKING through the uninformative Def Leppard article in issue 90, I turned to the *Mayhem* page to read about Channel 4's new rock show, *'ECT'*. Oh, woe.

I foresee that this programme will herald a return of the much-maligned motorbikes and studs image of five years ago. I foresee a regurgitation of the mindless crap that chased people away from heavy rock then and will do again now. Anyone who's ever read an Iron Maiden or Ronnie Dio lyric will realise that there's much more to HM than meets the eye. I pray longingly for the day when *'TOTP'* presenters casually drop such phrases as "And now for the gentle tones of Iron Maiden" and suchlike. An *'ECT'* show displaying moronic headbangers wearing "as many studs and spikes as they can get" will not bring that day any closer. Featuring Black Metal garbage like Venom, as they are bound to do, will hardly be representative as those bands only sell about 50 albums a year.

While spending my Xmas holidays in France, I enjoyed watching the late night videos which one of their stations runs. I was lucky enough to see Maiden, Dio, the Scorpions, Van Halen and Def Leppard. If HM/HR is to be featured on our screens, and

BILLY GIBBONS with Marilyn: is the ZZ Top guitarist showing his true pop 'n' roll colours?

CASTLE CRUNCH

*ABOUT THIS time every year, there is a certain buzz in the air for all real rockers, a buzz of excitement, speculating who will appear at Donington. But this year the s**t has already been kicked out of the excitement with the news that ZZ Top may headline 'The Monsters Of Rock' festival; or should that read 'Monsters Of Pop Festival'? Because that's what it will be if ZZ Top headline.*

*It's about time people woke up to ZZ Top and what they are and what they are worth. Sweet f**k all. ZZ Top have to be the most hyped up, overrated band, ever. They owe all their success to you lot at* Kerrang! *and disco freaks everywhere. Everybody I know who doesn't like Heavy Metal loves ZZ Top.*

They play ZZ Top at our local night clubs where Heavy Metal as a rule is banned, and as if their songs weren't commercial enough, someone told me that they had re-recorded 'Legs', a disco dance version; and this *is the band who are probably going to play the gig AC/DC headlined last year. You gotta be f**king joking!*

The 'Eliminator' album is the one that made ZZ Top, and every song is the same with different words and played in different time. And as for their stage performance, well I saw them at Donington in 1983. Granted they had problems with the PA (thank God) but their stage performance was as about as exciting as two flies crawling up a wall.

Let's face it, ZZ Pop or ZZ Flop, which ever you prefer, are not worthy of gracing the boards of the Donington stage, so let's keep the Monsters Of Rock Festival rock *and forget about ZZ Top.* **Barry, a concerned Donington festival goer and real Heavy Metal fan, Ireland.**

STATION

e, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ

indeed it should be, it should be tastefully mixed with more mainstream popular music. A show such as *'ECT'* will only serve to isolate heavy rock even more from the general public. **A lamenting Dio fan.**

GIRLS ON FILM

IN REPLY to the 'Night Nurse', who wrote a letter to you asking "What the hell is David Lee Roth doing singing 'California Girls'?" – well, I'll tell you. Roth has a mini album out featuring four cover versions of classic tracks by various artists. The single from that album is the track in question, 'California Girls'. All these trax are completely different to the normal rock music Van Halen produce.

Just because Roth sings heavy rock music doesn't mean to say that that's what he enjoys listening to whilst he's at home or relaxing. It's obvious that he likes to listen to soul, blues, *etc* as well as rock music. So his album is based around the music he enjoys.

At least he adds some variation to the rock scene, unlike the likes of Saxon, Motörhead, Venom, Black Sabbath, Deep Purple, *etc* who throw out the same crap, album after album, with very little or no variation at all.

As for the video, all of Van Halen's videos so far have been brilliantly funny as well as musically excellent – and Roth's solo video for 'California Girls' is no exception. It looks like Roth's enjoying himself on the video and I'm sure there's lots of others out there who also enjoyed it.

So, 'Night Nurse', do us all a favour . . . F**K OFF! **Anon.**

NO MEMBERS ALLOWED

ARE YOU all wimps or what? There was Nikki Sixx looking really wild and sexy on your inside cover of issue 90 and what does *Kerrang!* do? It prints *'MAYHEM'* right across Nikki's most important part! Come on, *Kerrang!* why so coy? If other mags like *Playgirl* can show it all, I'm sure *Kerrang!* could be a bit less wimpish. It's obvious that the photo was a full frontal – so why not let us see it! *(See what? – Naive Ed.)* I bet Nikki Sixx isn't ashamed of what you hid. C'mon, *Kerrang!* – this *is* 1985. Let it all hang out! **Deb Webster, Hull.**

TRASHED OUT!

XAVIER RUSSELL, who are you to call Seattle a dump? (Q-5 feature, issue 89). For a sight of a real dump, I suggest you look in the mirror! **G.L. Paul, Surrey.**

HEAVEN FOR HELL

HI! IT'S Dave G, vocalist with the Midlands Mega-Metal band Hell here.

Hell supported Uriah Heep on the first date of their new tour at Rock City Nottingham, and to say that we were well treated would be a vast understatement. We were given extra stage room, full use of PA and lights, over *90* minutes soundcheck (!) and, to top it all, we came off after a great gig to find a few dozen cans of beer waiting for us.

This is not the sort of treatment one expects from headlining bands of Uriah Heep's stature, but it was no less welcome for that.

So, once again, to Uriah Heep and crew, from Hell . . . TA VERY MUCH! **Dave G, Riddings, Derbyshire.**

VENOM KNOCKERS

FOLLOWING ON from your *Ladykillers* series, how about a *'Big Tits In Rock'* feature? The first picture could be of Venom's Cronos – you won't get a bigger tit than that. **A Bisset, Nairn.**

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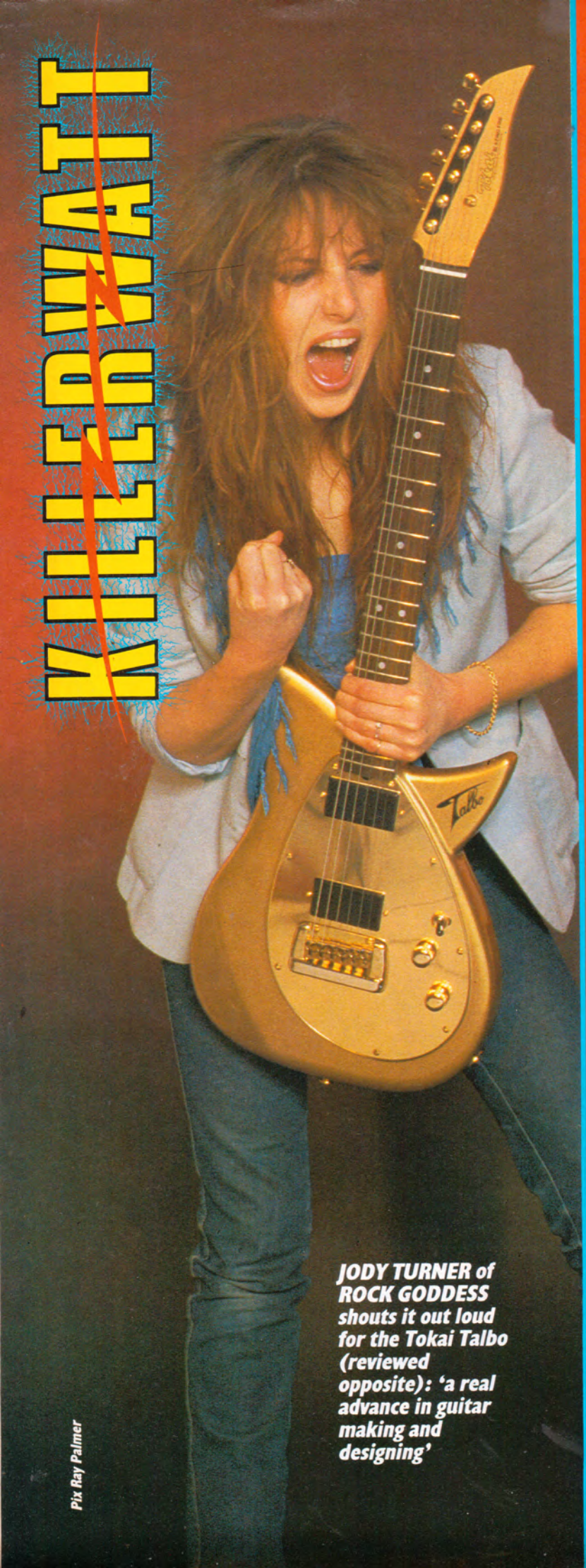
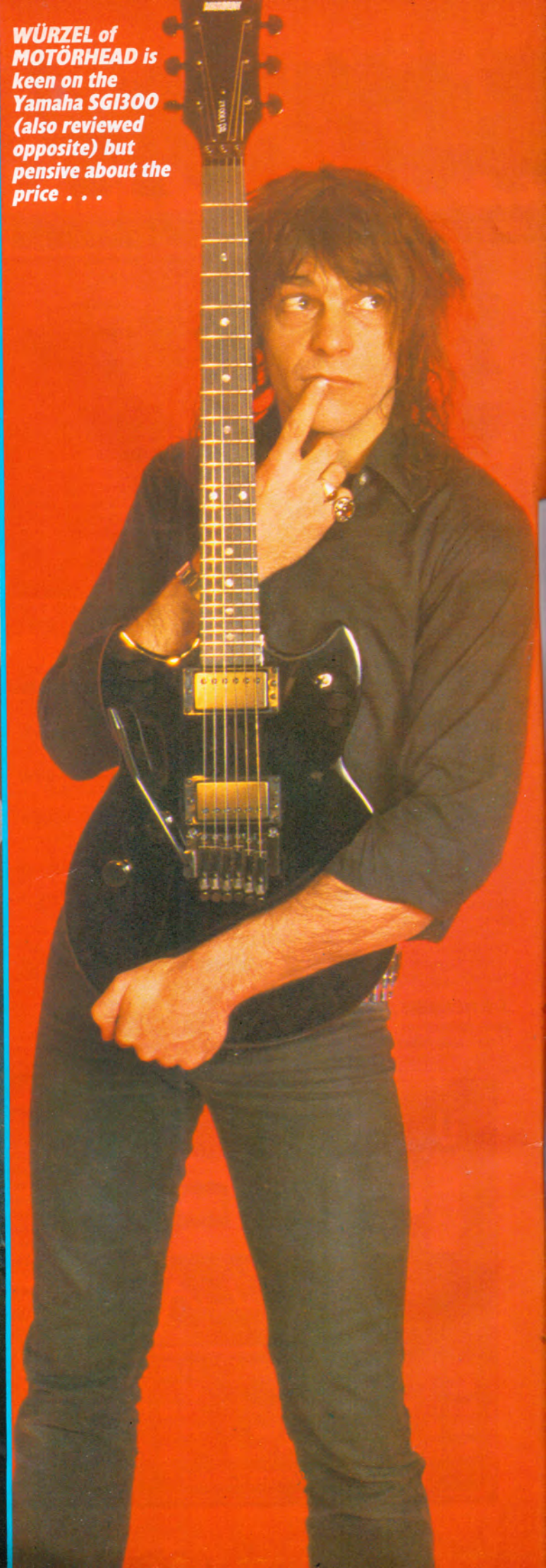


JODY TURNER of ROCK GODDESS shouts it out loud for the Tokai Talbo (reviewed opposite): 'a real advance in guitar making and designing'

Pix Ray Palmer



WÜRZEL of MOTÖRHEAD is keen on the Yamaha SGI300 (also reviewed opposite) but pensive about the price . . .

Instrument reviews by TIM OAKES and WÜRZEL of MOTÖRHEAD

TOKAI TALBO: pic Dave Burton

TOKAI TALBO RRP £549

"WE'D LIKE you to review a metal guitar."

Thus the call from above comes.

"What, a spikey sort of HM axe type job?"

"No, a *metal* guitar."

My mind reels. Could this be a solid gold *Gibson*, a steel *Strat* or even a lead *Les Paul* (pun *intended*. . .)? But no, the instrument in question is a new aluminium *Tokai*, called the Talbo.

Made from metal? I hear you cry. Well, with the world wood shortage as it is, perhaps the Forestry Commission sponsored this one. . .

First of all, *Tokai*, though they have been known for their excellent replica guitars in the past, have turned their attentions recently to developing their own brand and models. The Talbo is the spearhead of this, and represents a real advance in guitar making and designing.

The new *Tokai* Talbo has a single piece maple neck, with 22 wide frets, and six individual machines. Now, these look rather like the old vintage machines fitted to ageing *Strats* and *Gibsons*. Bit out of place on a state of the art guitar, but there you are. The metal body is covered in a layer of polyurethane finish, so unless you are told, you'd hardly guess that this wasn't just another chunk of timber.

One massive bridge/tailpiece, in brass, is matched by brass tone and volume controls and selector switch, and the whole lot is topped off with the word 'Talbo' in gold, set into the body. The strings go right through the body (just like a *Strat*). Power for the beast comes from a pair of *Tokai* 's own Blazing Fire humbuckers. Made for the marque.

First of all, the guitar felt unnaturally cold to the touch. I hated this, cuddling up to a cold body ain't my idea of a good time. But after a short period of playing, it warmed up – and stayed warm for ages afterwards. The neck is very comfortable, being a 'D' shape. The frets are high, but wide with it, so they play fast. Vivian Campbell here we come!

The neck pickup sounds a little 'woolly' at first hearing, but I found that at higher volumes (from the guitar) the high frequences seem to increase. The output is deep and raunchy, with a touch of almost acoustic sound to it. The bridge pickup, however, displays no such courtesies. It is simply there for scything down the first six rows of an audience! Sharp as a needle, the output is powerful indeed, and drives valve amps to nervous breakdown.

Basically then, the sound is excellent. But there are some problems with the Talbo. Firstly, there is only one volume and one tone control, which are shared by both pickups. This makes pickup changes a bit hit and miss as far as getting a good sound is concerned, and while the left hand gets a nice fast neck, the right one has to learn some pretty snappy moves too. . . rushing from strings to pickup selector, then to the vol. and tones to get some semblance of a sound.

But the guitar feels right, which is the important thing, and it sounds very good indeed. I was sceptical at first, but I'm ready to believe that metal guitars could form an important part of the guitar future. And you can't get splinters off it, either!

TIM OAKES

YAMAHA SG1300 RRP £500

HELLO TURNIP tasters, wot's all this about then? Oh yeah, the *Yamaha* SG1300. Nice guitar, actually. Expensive though, at around £500. It's a one piece machine, which is something that could prove unfortunate if you threw it at the amps, which I do occasionally – because once the neck is in two, you're more or less up the Severn without a paddle!

But it's a mean machine while still in one piece. Very raunchy sound – lots of power from those Humbuckers – and a wonderful 'bite' in the bridge position.

It has a nice feel; fast action; quick response, but the body is too small for me personally – I prefer a 38-26-36!

Finished completely in black, it looks pretty mean – they've even black machine heads.

A very nice tremelo system and locking nut make it an ideal guitar for giving it plenty of stick. I liked it very much.

Sound and feel were really good for good old 'rock', although an excellent sounding guitar, which, oddly enough felt beautiful to play, it is, as I say, an expensive instrument.

Wot more can I say – I like it. I'd like one, *Yamaha* – need I say more?

WÜRZEL (MOTÖRHEAD)

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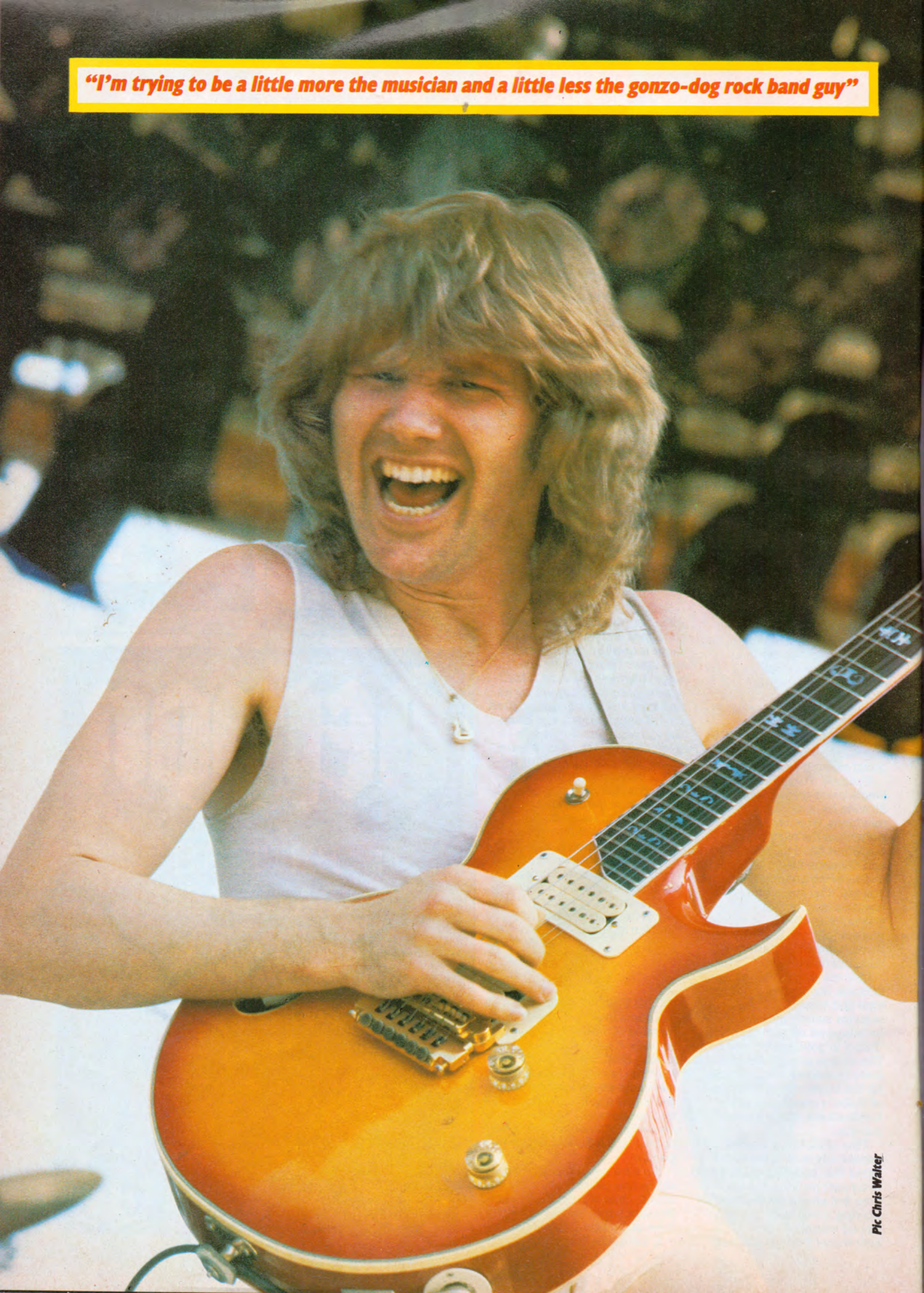

"I'm trying to be a little more the musician and a little less the gonzo-dog rock band guy"
Pic Chris Walter

ART AND ILLUSION

TRIUMPH guitarist RIK EMMETT (pictured left) adopts a serious approach to his music in the presence of LAURA CANYON

THIS IS a serious interview. From a country that's never struck me as taking its HM that seriously (take a MOR song, add a headband, weasely vocals, loud guitar, crank it up and call it Metal!) Canada's Triumph are probably one of the most serious HM bands invented.

Triumph axeman/vocalist Rik Emmett takes his guitar playing seriously. He's a man who reads James Joyce. A man who reads books *about* James Joyce. A man who named the band's most recent album after a book about James Joyce! We're talking articulate here, a man who's done a lot of serious thinking about this HM business. The man who once told me, "I'm trying to be a little more the musician and a little bit less the gonzo-dog rock band guy."

Anyway, the reason for this latest get-together is 'Thunder Seven', the new Triumph album, their first in ages. A bit of an odd album until you've given it several spins. It sounds both mature and sophisticated, rootsy and basic, giving the impression if anything of three slightly elder statesmen of Metal deliberately trying to recapture the fire-in-the-loins dynamism of teenagedom.

But, just as strangely, instead of that leading to the expected ego-thrusting power of three guys – Emmett, plus bassist Mike Levine and drummer/vocalist Gil Moore – trying to outdo each other, there's more harmony, more of a cohesive gang approach than on any of their previous albums. It sounds like they're on the right highway, like their thumbs are sticking firmly in the right direction, but that the mighty truck of HM superduperhood hasn't quite arrived. Yet.

"AND THEN," we join Rik mid-speech, "we had sort of levelled off from the point of view of career – the band had reached a certain point and now it was like, 'OK, well where do we go from here? How do we grow? Or have the boredom and the *ennui* set in and we now begin the gradual decline and slide into oblivion?' The band is now nine years old (formed in '75 by Levine and Moore in Toronto). I guess we didn't want to end up being has-beens."

So they sat down and talked. "Back in January of '84, we had a long meeting and said, 'Why are we a band? Why are we doing this?' We sort of gave ourselves new directions and new priorities to shoot for when we were writing the material."

What brought all this soul-searching about – considering their career, with 'Allied Forces' and 'Never Surrender', was undergoing something of an upsurge, not usually the time to think about changing anything but your tax bracket? A change in record company from *RCA* to *MCA*.

"The band had been shaken right down to its very roots, which is to say its recording contract!" Rik chuckles. "So it was time for us to sit back and really take a look, maybe some of the things that we had grown away from, some of the original spirit and intention of starting a rock and roll band, and try to recapture those kind of things."

Triumph went about trying to recapture the old days by forcing themselves to behave like *a band*. Three people glued together by some cosmic Metalhood instead of three able musicians, three individuals flexing their musical biceps in front of their own mirrors.

"We spent all the time, the creative period of writing the material for the album, together – right from the conception to the final mixes, everybody had a say. So instead of it being a situation where Triumph was recording and arranging a Rik Emmett song or a Gil Moore song, it ended up that Triumph was arranging and recording *Triumph songs*. I guess there's more of a team feeling to things."

THE TOGETHERNESS bit got applied to the vocals, too. "We decided to feature more harmony singing between Gil and myself" and split vocals in a song "so that both voices are recognisable."

They wanted to give Mike some more work in the keyboard department, a way of becoming "a little less reliant on the power trio kind of a setting" without actually adding a fourth member. They also got a "strong-willed" producer in for the first time (Eddie Kramer).

And, finally, they dubbed the opus 'Thunder Seven', from a book about one of Rik's favourite authors, James Joyce, which figured the author was writing a history of mankind that broke down into ten 'thunders', the seventh being a return to Tribal Man; "Just sort of revitalisation, regrouping, re-entrenchment, that kind of thing. And the band was actually at a point in its career which was very similar to that.

"You can't ever stop pushing yourself and trying to learn new things," Rik continues.

Rik still practices guitar: "I just sent away for a whole bunch of jazz music books and play-along records and things like that. It's nothing great, I mean 17-year-old kids are doing it all the time all over North America." It's just a case, he says, of keeping the art alive.

Art. Hmm. Not exactly something any Metal band, least of all Triumph, gets associated with too often. Music for kids who've never outgrown comicbooks, they been called. The most recent *Rolling Drone* record guide dubbed them "protofascist junk"; even "the 12lb cock syndrome". But never, to the best of my knowledge, *"art"*.

"I feel sorry for critics in a way," says Rik, "because they're so inundated with stuff nowadays, there's so many bands, so many records, so many aspects to how the music business will bombard them, a critic really doesn't have any choice but to be superficial and to deal with a record in a paragraph or two in the space of time that it takes to listen to a couple of tracks and bounce the needle across the rest of them. So they come away with an impression of the band that is a little too general for a band like Triumph.

"We have been sort of superficially judged. People go, 'Oh yeah, Triumph. I listened to a half of one of their albums once and I saw a TV commercial for a tour and I think I saw an album jacket once.' We've always been dancing around on the periphery of people's entertainment-recreational kind of time. I just wish people would give the band a little bit more of a chance and admire the attempt," he smiles, "at the depth. There's a little bit of thought and care that goes into things instead of, 'Well boys, let's do something really weird and have a Top Ten record.'"

Like stick on studded crotchpieces and girly make-up? Rik laughs. "You spray your hair and it stands up straight and you wear a little bit of female make-up and tie some scarves and have some studs here and there and wear lots of leather and suck your cheeks in when you get your picture taken!"

So they *do* know how to do it!

"I understand that as far as popular music goes, first there's the music and the creative element and the next most important thing in a band's career is its image. I would prefer that people are left with an image of Triumph that they're a hard-working band, they spend as much energy as they can on what their music is and what their show looks like and what kind of musicians they are, as opposed to what kind of showbusiness personalities they are."

SERIOUS STUFF. But don't, er, showbiz personalities become megastars? After all these years of doing so-so, wouldn't they like a nibble at the carrot?

"Oh,sure. You say, 'How is it that a band like Quiet Riot puts out their first album and they're selling quadruple platinum?' Yet here we are, steadily chugging along for years and we haven't ever really reached that kind of height. You look at a band like Van Halen and you say, 'How come?' How come Journey sells millions of records and we're only selling hundreds of thousands!" he laughs.

"What it boils down to is we've never really had any aspect of novelty about what we do. Which means we're not like Boston, a flash in the pan and then they're finished.

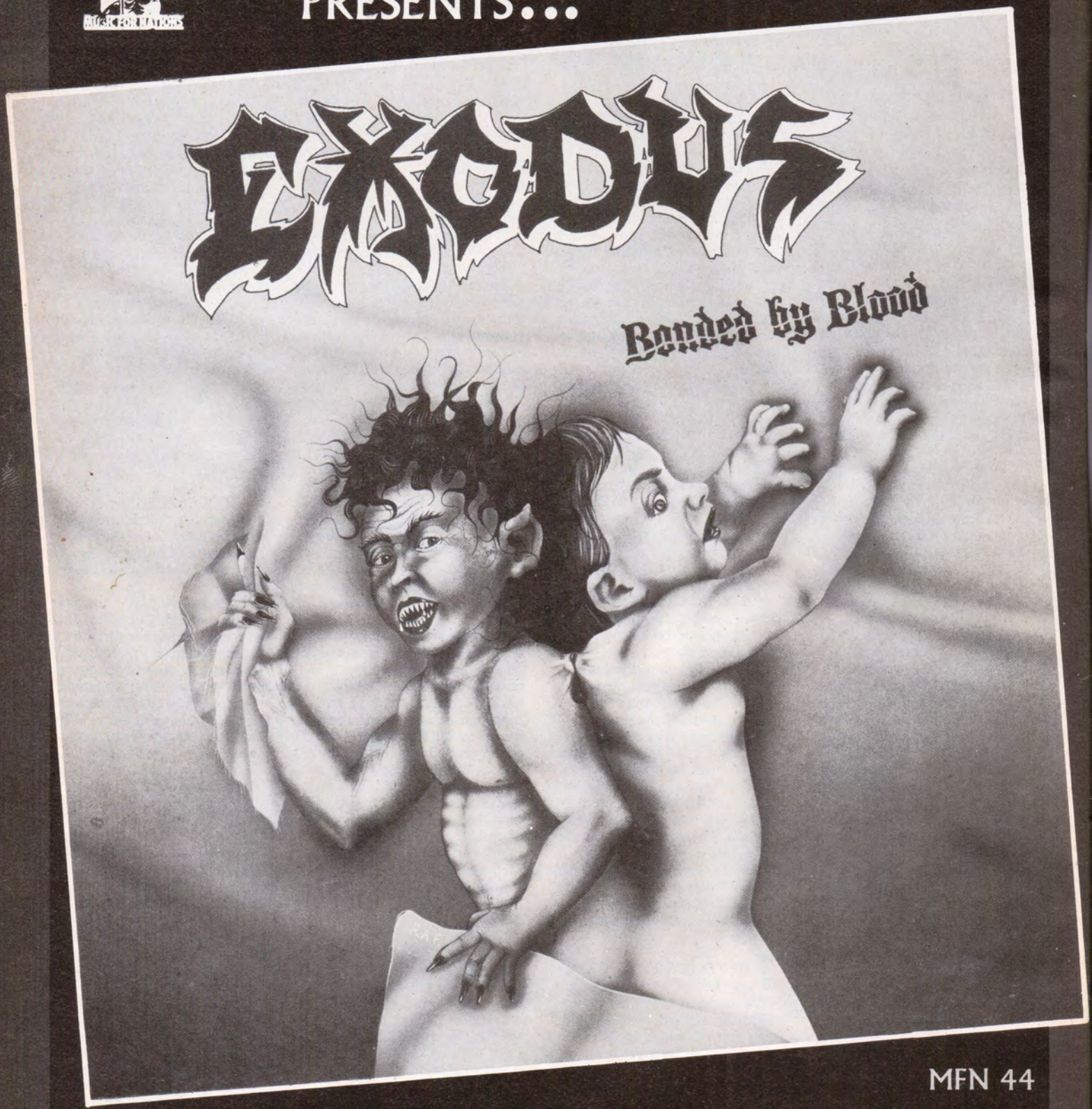
"But when you look at a band like Led Zeppelin for example, I think the highest chart number they had was when 'Whole Lotta Love' went to number four. So I guess you can have a great deal of credibility, respect and notoriety and popularity without necessarily having an across-the-board commercial success.

"I wouldn't reject it if it came," says Rik, "but the band is not going to sacrifice their artistic principles and integrity in order just to try to chase the elusive carrot that dangles in front of you".

Well – and seriously – said.

FOR MORE serious talk from Rik Emmett, pick up a kopy of *Extra Kerrang!* number five (on sale April 26) and read the guitarist sounding off *in his own words!* – Ed.

MUSIC FOR NATIONS PRESENTS...



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DANGEROUS MUSIC

HOWARD JOHNSON climbs to the top of the Thrash Heap and contracts a lethal dose of Power Metallurgists ANTHRAX

SO GRAB a feel for the situation. Ensconsed in the noo *Kerrang!* Kolditz, surrounded by lethargic lawyer types and beat-box, break-dancing *bragadaccios,* what better way to disperse those Norf London blues than indulge in idle musical chit chat with the mighty Mr Barton?! The boss and the boy together, a meeting of molten Metal minds:

"Well, HoJo," opines Barton, the guru of gonzoid, nonchalantly flicking a lock of that oh-so-Metal blond hair to one side, "to be quite honest it's definitely a case of Slayer or bust for me these days. I think that Thrash Metal is the only really happening movement right now. A lot of the other brands of music are dead on their feet, y'know!"

And was it a manic sabre flash that danced across the great man's eyes? Was that a touch of Metallic saliva almost imperceptibly tracing a downward path from Mr Barton's lips? I can't be sure, but this man means business, no mistake!

"Er . . .um . . .aha . . .burble . . . why . . .why . . .YES, Geoff!" stutters the boy, in obvious tongue-tied awe at the magnitude of the Metal emanating from the boss' heart, but he is almost mystically aware that the man's powers of perceptions are on the ball!

Now the boy would vociferously and vehemently argue the case for the positively potent power-pop of King, the Power Station (yaa boo sucks, I was right all along!) INXS and even the great Mick Jagger, not to mention the method of the mystic madness belonging to Hanoi, the Lords, the Sisters Of Mercy and the Cult, to be sure, to be sure! But when it comes to linking arms with a more Metal persuasion, by iron and ore it's thrash/hardcore/speed/whatever-youwannacallit that rules the rock 'n' roll roost!

SHOCKED TO see the king of Wimphem's pen gushing such blood red ink in such off-beat areas? Yeah? Well, sorry to say, but this is very much the way I see the rock 'n' roll cookie crumbling these days.

Y'see, while much mid-pocket mayhem (good old AOR) has degenerated into faceless blandola pap, overtaken in the hard pop stakes by all those aforementioned acts with disquieting ease, the flash of thrash is taking an altogether sharper edge. There's Metallica, whose continued rise was well documented recently (issue 83) by that rock 'n' roll doggie Mr Bonutto, Raven and certain Grave Digger moments (see last issue) to induce delightful dementia and then . . . and then there's Anthrax, to my mind the right regal diamond in a decidedly royal tiara. Proof? You want proof, right? You want it set right before your naked, steaming eyes, right?

Take ahold of those heat resistant gloves then, pull 'em over those dainty little pinkies of yours, slip the Anthrax 'Armed And Dangerous' five-track EP out of its sleeve, remembering to act casual all the way, slip it into turntable gear and go for it buddy, LET IT RIP!

We are talking not for the knock-kneed here, we are talking about a fearsome linking of loins between power and melodic touch, we are talking no less than . . . er . . . total 'deaf' man! If you think about it, putting a class sheen to the genuine excitement of thrash always threatened to yield results on the finer side of brain damage, and Anthrax find themselves putting theory into practice with all-consuming, consummate ease.

It's the arrival of former Bible Black vocalist Joey Belladonna within the Anthrax ranks that has really ignited the band's latent spark and produced spectacular Bonfire Night pyromania.

I, for one, have to admit to a certain amount of scepticism when confronted with the proud boast that the man was 'power Metal's answer to Steve Perry', but 'Armed And Dangerous' blows away cobwebs of critique in thoroughly professional, thoroughly convincing fashion.

While guitarists Scott Ian and Dan Spitz have a high song quotient in there amongst the rifferama, it's the powerful, soaring and above all melodic approach of Belladonna that really makes the likes of the title track, 'Raise Hell' and a re-worked version of 'Metal Thrashing Mad' hit the mark. Take it from me, and mark miwurdz, the guy is special!

"JOEY'S ARRIVAL has made Anthrax feel pretty much like a new band," confirms diminutive axe-man Dan Spitz. "You see, the music has definitely progressed but the main reason behind our improvement is that Joey has taken the speed Metal that we play and given it *class.* What we do now doesn't resemble our first album in any way!"

Ah yes, that first album, released on the same American indie lable (*Megaforce*) that has issued 'Armed And Dangerous'. Titled 'Fistful Of Metal', I have to put hand on heart and admit to having dismissed it out of hand when it first slapped on to my desk early last year! Why? You ask why? Well, if you've ever clapped eyes on the sleeve of said opus you wouldn't be asking such a half-baked question!

Featuring an appalling illustration of a hand laden with chain mail emerging from the decidedly bloody mouth of a hapless victim, it was the cover alone that stopped me probing the vinyl contents!

Say I ain't got the stomach for it, say I've got a modicum of taste and decorum, say what you will! I left Geoff and Xavier to salivate and dismissed Anthrax as a bunch of nerdish numbskulls, no more than such a cover deserved. How many others must have felt the same, I ponder . . .

"We had the original idea for that first album sleeve about six months before the record came out," claims Scott Ian, leaping to the band's defence. "And we though the violent angle would

KONTINUES OVER

MEGAFORCE MANIACS (from left): Scott Ian (Anthrax) Howard Johnson (Kerrang!) Joey Belladonna (Anthrax) and Dan Spitz (Anthrax). Note the cool 'Look mom, I'm a star' pose from HoJo!

DANGEROUS MUSIC

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

be great for our music. Then, the more we thought about it, the more we thought it was really cheesey. We were developing all the time and felt that the cover didn't really suit us anymore. We tried to do something incorporating knights and swords but it was just too late by that stage. It was either stick the thing out as it was or have no record for six months."

I know what I would've done, but that's by the by.

"At least it gets a reaction," grins Scott. "Some people really love it 'cos it's just the sickest thing, but some people just take one look at it and puke!"

Even having listened to 'Fistful Of Metal' now in order to get a better perspective of the new material, I still see little relation between the two works. 'Armed And Dangerous' is very much the work of a new Anthrax, an Anthrax which founder-member Scott feels is finally the band's definitive line-up: .

"Yeah, we formed the band in the Queens area of New York about three-and-a-half years ago, straight out of high school in fact. We had a nucleus of myself and our original bassist and vocalist, Danny Lilker and Neil Turbin. We had various guitarists and drummers for a year and then hooked up with Dan (Spitz) on guitar and Charlie Benante on drums. That was the first real Anthrax line-up and it stayed together for two a half years, recording the first album."

Pic Kevin Hodapp

UNCOOL T-SHIRTS: Johnny Z (right) beats Joey Belladonna by a short head

BUT IT'S a long way to the top if you wanna rock 'n' roll, and it became apparent that changes had to be made if Anthrax were to kick down any sizeable doors:

"We took Danny Lilker out of the band soon after the album came out, 'cos he thought it was an easy ride from then on, and replaced him with Frank Bello. Then we sacked Neil Turbin after the tour of the States with Raven last year. It was the first time we'd been out on the road for a long period of time, living together, and we found that it was the four of us – and Neil. It couldn't be that way."

All of which paved the way for Matt Fallon to get his fizzog plastered over *Kerrang!* – in glorious technicolour 'n' all! Not that it lasted for long!

Scott: "In retrospect we never should've taken him, but we lost Neil in August of '84, went straight into rehearsals and had all the new material written by September – without a singer! Matt was simply the first person we saw in a bar band who was reasonable.

"It only lasted a month-and-a-half because his personality didn't really fit in with ours. We were two-and-a-half weeks into recording but we canned him and sent him home anyway! A mutual friend recommended Joey, he flew in and we hit it off right away. He's definitely completed the line-up, made it the way we always imagined it would sound.

"We had no complaints about Neil's performance on the first album, he did a great job, but he wasn't a singer in the true sense of the word, the way that Joey is. What we wanted was a David Coverdale or a Lou Gramm, someone you could *understand* when he was singing! We wanted someone special – and we found it in Joey!"

SPECIAL IS what Anthrax '85 style are, too! Call it brash, hyperbole, call it overstating the case, call it *Megaforce* main man Johnnny Z slipping me the proverbial backhander, but I honestly believe Anthrax to be one of the most exciting Metal discoveries of recent times, even ahead of the mighty Metallica, stretching the boundaries of intense music like precious few others within the *genre.*

Try to classify them, have them neatly tied and bound, and you'll be struggling, believe me!

"There are so many classifications these days it's ridiculous," says an exasperated Dan Spitz. "You can be any one of death Metal, power Metal, speed Metal or thrash Metal – and people have called us all of these things in articles. What's the difference anyway? We write what we feel and play aggressively, like motherf**kers! It's all just music, just rock 'n' roll. We just do what we do and we don't say we fit in with either Venom or Discharge!"

Refreshing open-mindedness in an area where too many fans are disappearing up their own arses through blinkered vision. Certainly Scott's love for Punk and Bootboy rock is no secret, brandishing as he does on this occasion a T-shirt with tasteful skinhead moonstomping boots adorning it. And that ain't even mentioning the stupendous cover of the Pistols' 'God Save The Queen' that features on 'Armed And Dangerous'!

"Yeah, well it's pretty much a personal attraction for me," opines Scott. "I may love, say, Discharge, while the others might hate it . . . We all love that Pistols song though, and it came out really good. We love energy and aggression, but then again we love anything that's good. Y'know, when we're upstate at the studio we listen to a lot of Top 40 stuff on the radio and a lot of it's good, it's well done. There's no reason not to like it, is there?"

Obviously men who bleed the same way as does my rock 'n' roll heart, men who are open to every influence. Y'know, if anyone deserves to make it, then Anthrax do. A major deal would go down real nicely and, in conjuction with Johnny The Z, sitting quietly over the way in *Megaforce's* New Jersey headquarters, that is the definite Anthrax goal.

"We all know that *Megaforce* don't have the facilities of the majors and we'd love to be signed before putting our second album out," says Dan. "It's no good just remaining an underground band, 'cos you can only sell a maximum of 100,000 in that market, and if you wanna still be doing this at 30 somewhere along the line you have to sell more than that!

"We won't sell out, we won't calm down, we won't get signed 'cos we're singing la-di-da bubblegum music, we'll get signed 'cos we've already proved ourselves on *Megaforce.* The majors won't hear the music, they'll hear the cash registers ringing and thus will be willing to let us have our artistic licence!"

Sounds like these boys have got their act well and truly sussed? Bet your balls on it, boy!

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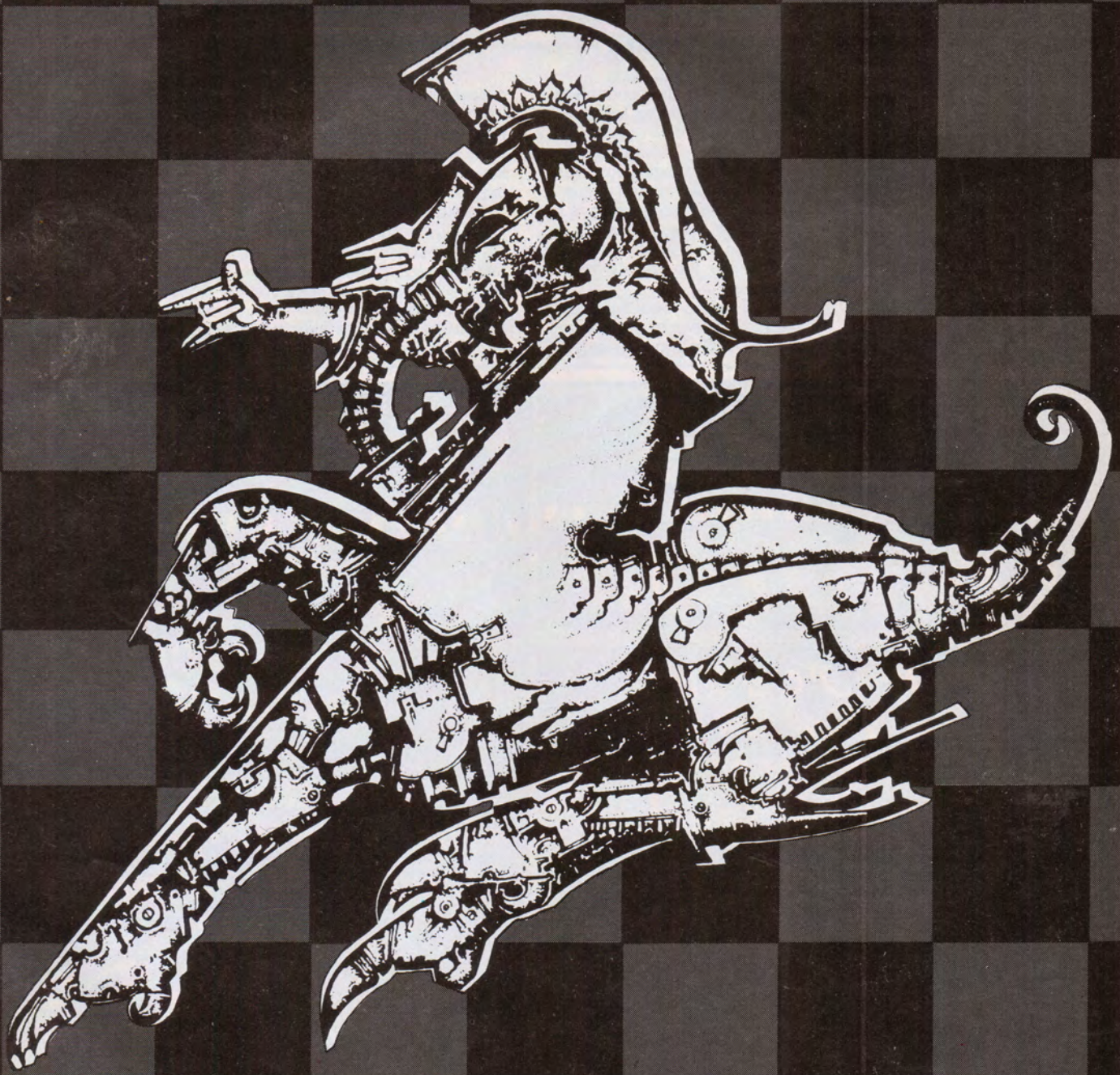

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BON JOVI

FROM PAGE 21

room on the stage so I couldn't slide around on my knees, and Malcolm saw that show. It was outdoors, no soundcheck, it was about the fourth date on the Scorpions US tour . . ."

"Sure," continues Richie, "and they weren't giving us a lot of PA and it was light outside so we had no lights and . . ."

"We blew." David succinctly ties up what his colleagues are trying to say.

"We invited his ass back!" says Richie in their defence, "we said *NOW* come and see us, motherf**ker!, after we did about 50 shows, but I don't think he came back." Doom, incidentally, denies any knowledge of a return invitation.

Pic Ross Halfin

BON JOVI: "We're not 40-year-old guys with toupées . . ."

BUT BACK to the album. I am pleased to report that '7800° Fahrenheit' is an altogether more abrasive tome than its predecessor, with grittier vocals and dirtier guitar sounds, and yet it is produced by the same Lance Quinn, how so?

"This time," admits Jon, "I had a lot to do with the production, I was in there fighting Lance all the time, but I love the guy like a brother, I still think he's a wonderful producer. But really the difference is down to the growth in the band, we have not been apart for more than a week at a time since last January (1984) when the first album came out.

"But I worked real hard on my vocals on this one . . . I listened to a lot of U2's Bono; the guy is ridiculous, he sings too good! I listened to a lot of people like that, real screamers, guys that sung with their guts, Little Steven, my hero, people like that."

And the guitar sound?

"Well, I'm glad you like it! What happened last time was that we were so young as a band. We knew what we were doing but we still were *produced* and very easily led and if the producer said to me, 'I don't like your guitar sound, change it!' I would just say, fine. This year it's more, Hey, wait a minute, this is the way I play."

The important (not to mention *essential*) difference between the Bon Jovi of then and the Bon Jovi of now being, according to Richie, that: "We found ourselves as a band, we have a concept that we want to go for, there's a sound that we're shooting for!"

And that discovery also

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extends into their live performance where "there's nothing contrived about us because it comes from here (he thumps his heart!). You can sing to somebody, 'f**k you' or you can sing, 'F**k You!!' – there's a difference! So we don't go onstage and sing, 'f**k you', we go on and sing: *'F**K YOU!!!!'* And people listen!"

But it hasn't always been Apple Pie and home cooking. Time was, in the Bon Jovi camp, when their manager, Doc McGhee (the master-mind behind the rise to infamy of Mötley Crüe!), claimed for them: "You guys would play a pay-toilet and use your own change!" Bon Jovi would gig literally anywhere just for the pleasure of performing and reject the idea that they should ever have played safe, gone to college and had something to fall back on.

"People are always going: You need something to fall back on!" David has obviously heard all this before, "but you take that away . . . you've gotta keep on going forward! You make it a little dangerous but what the hell!"

"And that," concludes Jon, "is why the reward is so great!"

"That's honest hunger," states Richie, "because we all feel the same: if I wasn't a musician what the f**k would I do with my life?!"

"If you can play *and* have a great time," grins David, "and *then* make it a business . . . there's nothin' wrong with this picture!"

So there's that element of fear that keeps you going?

"Absolutely," cries Richie, "you ain't kidding! That's a great headline: 'Bon Jovi And The Element Of Fear'!!!"

Chapter Eight: Lunch With Kati Mac; You Know Boy George?; Let's Get Outta Here!

IF I ACHIEVED nothing else on this trip at least I got to have lunch with Kati Mac. For all the hassles, for all the pitfalls and disasters that befell me on my debut jaunt to the Big Apple, there was lunch with Kati Mac to look back on and say, it was worth it, dammit all!

The divine Ms Mac has selected *Joe Allen's*, a small but intimate eaterie on Restaurant Row, otherwise known as 46th Street, which is something of an artists' ghetto in the middle of New York's theatre district. It's a little haven in the centre of this decaying city given over at the very least to the pretence of a fine life. All over this city there's the sense that everything is winding down but that really, nobody actually cares that much. But here on Restaurant Row things are a little more refined.

New York's artist community seems a tightly knit unit and, yes, Kati knows all about Fiona . . . but there are some things best left as confidences and instead I try to indoctrinate Kati into the joys of *Private Eye*.

Too soon the moment is gone and I'm back in Rockefeller Plaza in Cabbie 5A 66. This particular Yellow Cab is run by a big black Haitiian called Dargenson Narcisse who will later collect my weary body from my hotel and deposit it at Kennedy Airport.

But first off he wants to know: "Are you a music star?"

Several times I've been asked that on this trip. Maybe it's the way I dress. No, honest, I'm just in the business.

"Well, you sure look like a music star. What's the name of that English guy that looks like a woman?"

Boy George?

"Yeah, that's it, Boy George!"

Yeah, I've met him a couple of times.

"You know Boy George, hey, that's great!"

Outside the Mayflower that evening I'm waiting for Dargenson to pick me up when I'm approached by an autograph junkie of about 40 who is waiting for the return of UB40 who have already had their tour bus ransacked since they've been here.

"Are you in a band?" she asks, "you look like you should be in a band!"

No, I just write for *Kerrang!*

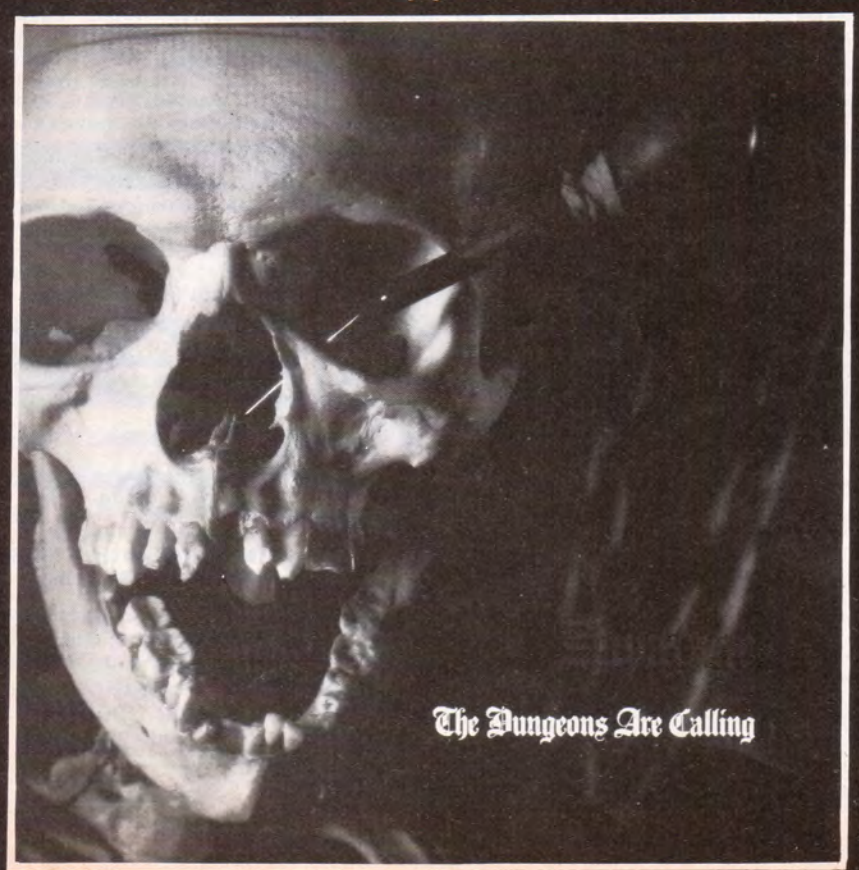
"You write for *Kerrang!*?! They were giving copies of *Kerrang!* away at the New Wave festival we had a few weeks ago! You look like you ought to be writing about New Wave bands, not Heavy Metal!" Just then Dargenson pulls up.

"You wanna sit in the front and be my brother?" he grins. So I sit in the front and listen to this extraordinary man as he relates how he bought his $100,000 house in a predominantly white area of town, much to the chagrin of the residents, because he was the only one who could afford the $35,000 down payment; and how he intends to sell it when its market value reaches $250,000 so that he can retire with his wife and family back to Haiti. He sings songs in French, his first language, drives at times like a lunatic, and waves hello to his other brothers of the road.

This man is what New York is all about – the city is collapsing around their ears but its inhabitants are just characters in its never-ending play . . . it's just that some of them, like Dargenson Narcisse, are bigger characters than others. His was the most fun taxi ride I ever took.

And back at the airport, wouldn't you just believe it, I got a seat in the f**king middle! Some guys have all the luck!

'The Dungeons Are Calling'



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LIVE SHOTS

TORME
Marquee, London

I HAVE in my record collection two singles that I believe (and doubtless you will correct me if I am wrong) to be the very first vinyl outings for Tormé's two main protagonists; the first is a single by the original Bernie Tormé Band called 'I'm Not Ready', the second a clear vinyl seven inch with the song 'My Number' on both sides! This debut single by Girl sold for the princely sum of 55p. Both, coincidentally, were on *Jet* Records, the former being issued in 1978, the latter the following year . . . maybe it was destined that eventually they'd end up not only together in my record collection but also onstage.

Tormé, 1985 version, perhaps better reflect the aspirations of either BTB or Girl; while Mr Tormé's band were too punk to be heavy and too heavy to be punk, Girl tried desperately to have a finger in every pie; pop, Metal, glam, even dashes of reggae – but Japan had already been there and scorched the turf before them. However, now together, their heads a little older and wiser on their shoulders, Messrs Tormé and Phil Lewis look better suited to stardom.

Mind you, Lewis has always appeared to be languishing at the gates of said stardom, waiting for someone to come along and hand him the key. The difference now is that he's finally gotten tired of waiting and has set about the serious business of scaling those gates through his own efforts; it's as if he realised you can't go on playing at being a star all your life, you either are one or you're not – and he wants to be one!

Bernie Tormé, on the other hand, has long struggled, largely unsuccessfully, in his earnest attempts to storm the gates of stardom and come away with little but admiration and respect for his efforts if not the results. Despite all his solo work and the perpetual, grinding club tours he is still most noted for his abuse at the hands of Ian Gillan. Tormé, like Michael Schenker, is an extraordinarily gifted guitarist but somehow doesn't have the wherewithal to perform as his own frontman. While Schenker beats his brains in New York against this awful truism, Bernie Tormé seems to have come wholly to grips with it and signed up with Phil Lewis in a mutual aid pact that looks pleasantly like succeeding all round.

The Tormé sound is still grouped around the controlled White Noise of Bernie Tormé's guitar; a sound that doesn't grate but overwhelms in its awesome tidal wave effect, that owes more than a nod and a wink to Tormé's punk origins coupled with his hard rock ancestry.

And then over and around that comes Lewis' vocals, bereft of that certain *prissiness* they had in the Girl days but now tempered with a few more years of damage and experience that have served to give them edge and fire. Now

BERNIE TORMÉ: stardom beckons . . .

Lewis' voice is a little grittier, a little lower and he can sing like he means it. And now he's given Tormé some precision and focus that leaves room for the guitarist to do what he came to do, play guitar like guitar heroes are meant to.

And the songs are good too: 'Wild West', 'Star', 'Mystery Train' and the glorious 'My Baby Loves A Vampire' and the wild battlecry of 'Frontline' and some other stuff I didn't catch the title of. Well, it's taken them long enough but it finally looks like they found each other . . . this could be the start of a long and fruitful relationship.

I hope so. DAVE DICKSON

ACCEPT/EXCITER
Hammersmith Odeon, London

THEY CAME, they saw, they teased, they played and inevitably they conquered. I'm talkin' about one of the most potent Metal bands around at the moment – the new masters of Kraut Rock, ACCEPT! Mega-stardom for Udo and da boyzz must surely be just a few catchy riffs away. If you weren't amongst the 3,500 fans present at the Hammy Odeon on Friday March 15, then go down the pub, get pissed, kick yerself three times in the shins and take two *Panadol* to recover, cos you missed one of the greatEST Metal shows that this hall of fame has had the pleasure of putting on.

But let's start at the beginning with Exciter. Last time I saw this Canadian trio was over a year ago down at the Royal Standard, and even the band themselves will admit that they were rubbish that night. So what were they like this time around?

Well, they've sorta improved, but I still have my doubts about some of their material in a live situation. Some thrash works wonders live, but in Exciter's case it's the slower material that comes across best; toons such as 'Pounding Metal' actually got the audience nodding and the new kuts sounded promising, with 'Long Live The Fire' and 'I Am The Beast' both indicating that some thought had actually gone into the songwriting for a change.

But, oh God, those stage clothes have gotta go – imitating Mötley Crüe's Nikki Sixx just isn't on, and having skin-pounder Dan Beehler handling lead vocals means that the band leave themselves a bit short on the 'stand up and shout' routine. Still, it looks as if they're heading in the right direction at long last.

And so to headline time. The house-lights dimmed and the intro to 'Metal Heart' began to creep through the PA; then sure enough the unmistakable riffs of Messrs Hoffmann and Fischer came blasting forth causing the Odeon to erupt as one. Not since Van Halen blew off Sabbaff at the Rainbow back in '78 had I seen such a reaction! Everyone in the house got off his or her butt and sang along with every goddamn line; it was a moving experience and, as things turned out, it was a moving show as well.

Accept are one of the few bands who give 100 per cent all the way, and what a relief not to hear any tedious drum solos *etc.* A good chunk of the set comprised material culled from the band's last two studio outings, 'Balls To The Wall' and 'Metal Heart', so it was hardly surprising to hear such gems as 'Love Child' and 'Turn Me On'. This was followed by the outrageous 'London Leatherboys', where Wolf Hoffmann came into his own with some very tasty axe playin', but it wasn't until 'Princess Of The Dawn' (from the excellent 'Restless And Wild' album) that the crowd really got carried away – Jörg Fischer churned out the main riff while the fans hummed along to Wolf's solo.

Frontman Udo Dirkschneider really has come on long way since the band's Donington appearance last year; his voice seems to be a lot clearer these days – I could actually understand what the man was singing about – but someone should have the heart to tell him that the war finished some 40-odd years ago. Why he still dresses in that 'war gear' is beyond me.

Udo was particularly potent on the only 'wimper' of the evening, 'Cold Winter Nights', but the evening belonged to Hoffmann, who completely stole the show during the masterful 'Screaming For A Love Bite' – boy, can this man play! We're talkin' serious fretwork here, folks! And, of course, no Accept set would be complete without their renowned leaning to-and-fro routine. Seeing Messrs Fischer, Hoffmann and bassist Peter Baltes swinging their axes in unison was a joy to behold; sure, it was corny, but in sync and over the top.

And before I could scream "Who's round is it?" it was encore time. Great, I thought, we're gonna get 'Fast As A Shark', but no – shock, horror! – the tune wasn't played; why I don't know, cos it's *still* their best song. Instead, we were treated to a Chas 'N' Dave style version of 'Balls To The Wall'.

I'm sure that next time Accept play the Hammy Odeon they'll be there for two or three nights – it was total death!

XAVIER RUSSELL

KONTINUES OVER

Stranger

DEEP PURPLE: pic George Bodnar/hand tinting Helena Zakrewska-Rucinska

DEEP PURPLE/GIUFFRIA
Pavilion, Chicago

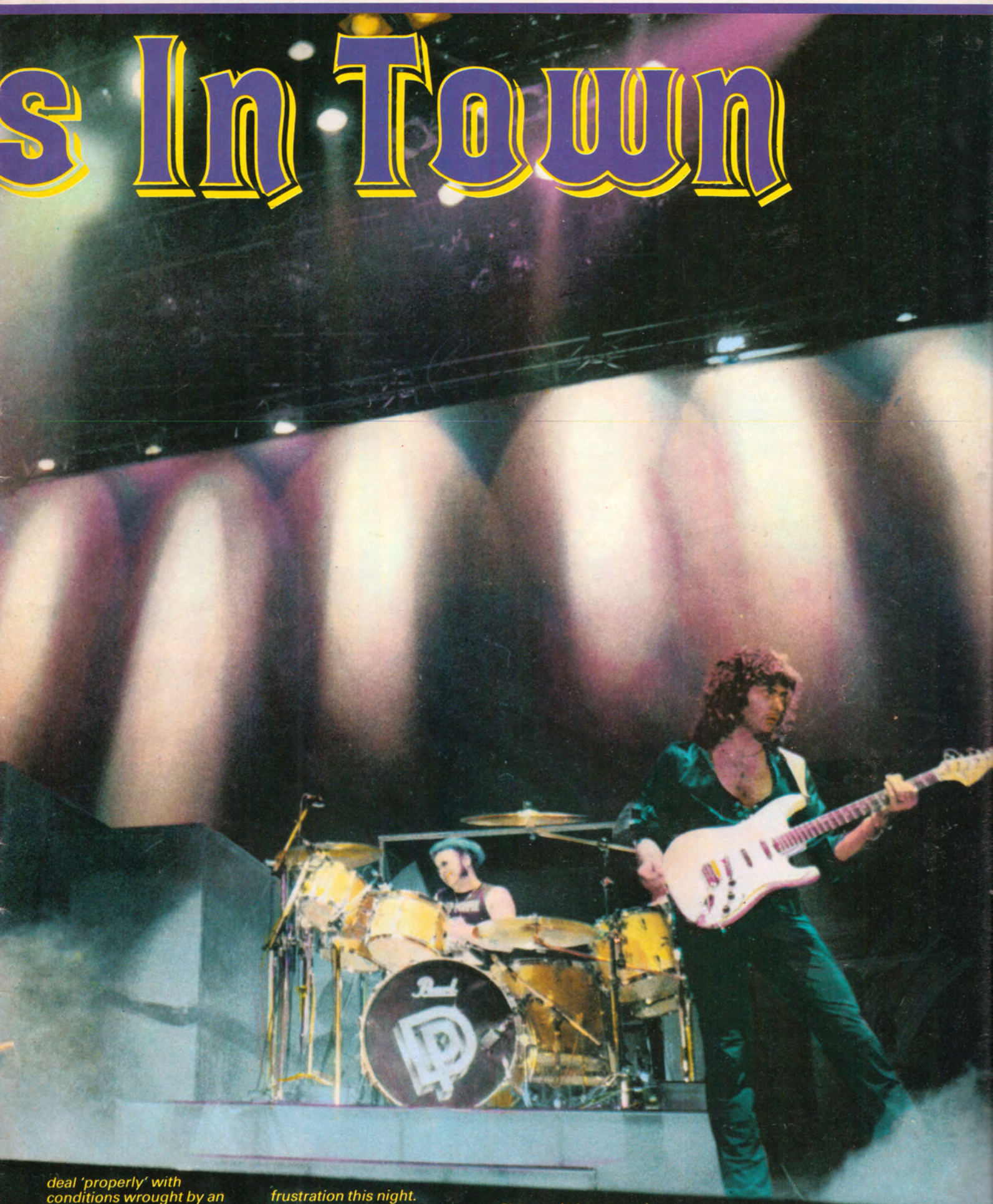
"LET THEM eat cake!"

I was certain an unidentifiable 'head' honcho was flippantly uttering those words while the masses of Deep Purple's exceedingly anxious Chicago fans were stuck outside the palace (in this case the Pavilion), forcibly enduring what seemed to be some kind of ice-water torture test!

Even by the time support band Giuffria had begun going through their motions, a good 50 per cent of the would-be audience were still standing through an onslaught of sleet/freezing rain, ensconced in queues that moved at a pace so miserably slow that an inchworm would've been embarrassed.

Now, Chicagoans are fairly used to suffering extreme elements for the sake of their passions – indeed, most of this lot were doubtless willing to weather The Ten Plagues Of Egypt in order to behold the revered Deep Purple in the flesh – but that does not mean they actually like it. (Just ask one ex-mayor who was booted out of office primarily because he failed to

s In Town



deal 'properly' with conditions wrought by an unforeseen blizzard.) So, as bad luck would have it, poor Giuffria were elected as the whipping boys for all the pent-up communal frustration this night.

Though there is an audience for Giuffria's brand of polished (if slightly pompous), commercial arena-rock somewhere in Chicago (witness such homegrown practitioners as Styx, REO, Survivor. . .), it didn't help matters that most of tonight's ticket holders were bona fide dyed-in-the-wool Metallers who found the Giuffria/Deep Purple pairing

KONTINUES OVER

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

about as feasible – and laughable – as Loverboy opening up an Iron Maiden gig. We're talking serious, Grand Canyon-esque incompatibility here! Amongst the outer 'wet ones', for example, one guy received a round of applause and hearty guffaws after yelling out, "With a name like Giuffria, what kind of band could they be anyway?!"

Meanwhile, on the inside, things weren't progressing a whole lot better. Even after pulling out the ace card, namely the recent American Top Ten hit 'Call To The Heart', Giuffria were unable to make a significant dent in the fog of indifference. Which is not to say that Giuffria are inept performers, by any means. Basically they looked sharp, played well (keyboardist/founder Gregg Giuffria is the main man in this department) and their repertoire of songs is surprisingly strong considering that they only have one album's worth of material to pick from (fortunately, the set was fairly short).

They also have a more-than-adequate, charismatic vocalist in David Glen Eisley (who, coincidentally, bore a striking physical resemblance to David Lee Roth from my bird's eye view).

Even so, if this gig was any kind of indication, next time around Giuffria had best hit the road with a more likely headliner – or come through on their own – if they're ever to get a decent, fair shake.

As might be expected, some time during the intermission an amazing metamorphosis took place throughout the ranks of the previously apathetic and (slightly) cantankerous throng; when the lights came down for the evening's pièce de résistance the crowd suddenly gained halos and newly sprouted wings! Respect was absolutely, unequivocally there. And, I am pleased to report, IT DID NOT GO UNREWARDED!!

Blackmore, Gillan, Glover, Lord and Paice – and all within access of our minds' single telephoto lens. Yeah, it was a sight to see/hear/feel!

"It's been nearly 11 years," declared a beaming Gillan (who, though minus several conspicuous inches of his time-honoured mane, appeared unaware that the 'prop' was missing). "It's GREAT to be back . . . We're still a bit nervous . . ."

Of course, veterans that they are, nary a trace of sweaty-palmed anxiety betrayed them (after all, the mere thought of these guys succumbing to butter-fingered bumbling is ridiculous beyond words!), but there was a vibe of genuine delight-to-be-there (especially from Gillan) and cameraderie that made the event infinitely more satisfying than it would've been otherwise.

Starting with 'Highway Star', the set was an effective trade-off of the vintage and the newly hewn (i.e. 'Perfect Strangers', 'Against The Law', 'Under The Gun' . . .). And, for those who keep scorecards on such things, at this stage of the tour Gillan's voice was still in top glass-shattering form every step of the way. Interestingly, it was the 'Perfect Strangers' material which generated the most vigorous crowd response, guaranteeing (whew!) that this was not to be one of those sad, degrading strolls down 'memory lane' that cater to the over-40s set!

Of the mandatory solos performed, I will say this: Paice's was commendable for its absence of over-indulgence and Lord's was astonishingly un-boring, despite its length (the truth is I am normally tempted to pay homage to the rest room during other – lesser – keyboard/synthesiser recitals.) As for Ritchie Blackmore – well, yes, he did eventually step forth, briefly, for a short rendition of 'Ode To Joy', but otherwise kept himself subdued in the background with characteristic, deceptive nonchalance.

By final encore time and – you guessed it – 'Smoke On The Water', dry ice 'n' all, it seemed that the boys had virtually left 'no stone unturned'.

Living up to your own legend can't be an easy thing, after all, but Deep Purple sure made it look that way.

SHELLY HARRIS

Pix George Bodnar

"OK, HANDS up, which one of you bastards stole my guitar?"

"I CAN see! I can SEE!!!!"

"SOMEONE SHOOT the follow-spot operator!"

"SHH! RITCHIE'S about to start his solo!"

ROBIN TROWER
Marquee, London

TROUT MASK replica? Methinks that description might be a trifle unfair. After all, this man Trower is one of the greatest whiz kid guitarists that has ever been allowed to stalk the Marquee's dingey floorboards.

In a breathtaking wave of eccentric facial contortions and raw eclectic energy, this legend from my slap happy schoolboy daze is dripping giant globules of heavenly blues on to my baad soul, proving that there ain't no-one on this whole damn Metalised planet within a mile radius of this man's telepathic musical ability.

Back with a vengence? Yeah, and out for blood!

Cruising into the blast furnace ferocity of 'Too Rolling Stoned' Trower proved that his mad wah-wah guitar virtuosity had lost none of its former edge and that his new band (the famous Lorden/Dewar duo long departed), consisting of bassist/vocalist Dave Bronze and drummer Martin Clapson, were both equally as capable of interpreting every mood, tempo, tone and feel.

Still Hendrixy? Well, yeah, I guess we'll concede that the ghost still looms, but what we're really witnessing is a rebirth, a channelling of influences together with his own charisma rather than a negative copy of a master technician. Trower explores rather than imitates and it's that point which this tough trio of comeback shows seemed to moot more than anything else.

The material played stretched through Trower's eleven album career from 'Daydream' (off the 'Twice Removed From Yesterday' LP) to 'Back It Up', the title track from his last *Chrysalis* release and even included new, so far non-vinlysed songs like 'Keeping A Secret', a mellow blues number. But it was the older material that really stood out head 'n' shoulders above the rest. Tracks like 'Day Of The Eagle', 'Caledonia' and 'Rock Me Baby' simply defied criticism as they tumbled from Trower's fingers in almost magical fashion.

Welcome back. DEREK OLIVER

SISTERS OF MERCY
Powerhouse, Birmingham

I SQUIRMED to the front, I SQUASHED my way towards the stage, I SQUINTED for all I was worth and still I COULDN'T SEE the bleedin' Sisters Of Mercy. OK, OK, so I exaggerate, I could see the tops of their barnets, but that was about all that these serious artists (sic) were going to reveal to their paying public. Like . . . er . . . bloody noble for four quid, eh?! I understand why they call this music 'Mystic' now!

And yet, despite the obvious practical limitations, the dry ice does tend to sum up a whole hunk of what the Sisters are about. Wandering into the mi(d)st of a Sisters Of Mercy gig is like stepping back into a land that time forgot, where mist and fog hide the putrid intensity of a dark, brooding decadence, where the oddest of creatures come to pay homage to the high prists of rhythmic noise. It's an experience alright, and I for one am enthralled and enchanted by this modern day Swamp Rock!

So where do the Sisters come from? Well, from the old-style submersive school of rock, from the slippery, slithery lizards of Iggy, Jim Morrison and Lou Reed, to be sure. But mainly, they come from the black heart of vocalist Andrew Eldritch. For beneath that black floppy hat lurks the tortured soul of genius.

Not that he's without his faults. The pretence of artistry is all too much to stomach sometimes, the nature of the intense material occasionally renders it a little samey, but I knows talent when I sees it, boy.

And the Sisters' version of 'Gimme Shelter' will cause heart palpitations from here to . . . to eternity! Do you want to travel that far?! HOWARD JOHNSON

KILLING JOKE
EXO 7, Rouen, France

WHAT WITH enormous backdrops, lighting that looks on loan from *'Close Encounters'* and T-shirts at seven 'n' an 'alf quid a time, this really *is* rock 'n' roll! No more, no less. Try and tell me that the New Wave/Mystic/Gothic/Punk/Whatever movement is any different in its machinery to the Metal empire then I'll tell you to kiss my ass, in the nicest of rock 'n' roll voices!

But *we've* learned to live with the trappings, for better or for worse, and concentrate on the music. And believe me, Killing Joke have oodles of goodies to throw at you! Geordie may not look like the ultimate axe hero but he really does put out some of the most potent sounds that it's been my pleasure to witness. Nah, it ain't a wall of sound, but it's a gut pummelling display of rock 'n' roll tricks 'n' treats. Believe me, the guy is good, and when he's backed by such an adroit bassist as Paul Raven and a drummer with as much bite as Paul Ferguson, then those who lean towards musical snobbery can do nowt but button it!

Now out front is Jaz Coleman, decked in boiler suit and suit-ably manic expression. He's the new movement's answer to Rob Halford, all lunging arms and reaching for the sky, but I'm not quite as amused by his antics as by those of our Rob. Halford is humour, Coleman is clinical, and to be frank, his vocals are adequate but never outstanding.

Still, maybe I'm griping too much, for opener 'Night Time' is particularly vital amidst a welter of rock hard intensity, while 'Love Like Blood' and 'Kings And Queens' also hit hard and true. It *is* the new material that impresses most, only maybe because I'm familiar with it. Maybe . . . because Killing Joke don't have time to get seriously into their back catalogue . . . not in Froggy France!

At the outset of 'Eighties' we are 'treated' to a bleedin' power cut, and though it is restored within seconds, sensitive artist Mr Coleman seems to want nothing more to do with it. Big bam boom – end of show! Oh, this really *is* typically petulant rock 'n' roll – and a lot of punters leave disgruntled. Me? Well I depart happily enough 'cos this band is definitely happening, but then *I* didn't pay to get in, did I?

HOWARD JOHNSON

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5 GIUFFRIA **Giuffria** (MCA/Camel)
6 ELIMINATOR **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
7 METAL CHURCH **Metal Church** (Steam Hammer)
8 THE FIRM **The Firm** (Atlantic)
9 EVERYBODY'S CRAZY **Michael Bolton** (Columbia)
10 THE PACK **Alaska** (Music For Nations)
11 PERFECT STRANGERS **Deep Purple** (Polydor)
12 METAL HEART **Accept** (Portrait)
13 TOOTH AND NAIL **Dokken** (Elektra)
14 THE RIGHT TO ROCK **Keel** (Gold Mountain)
15 CRIMES IN MIND **Streets** (Atlantic)
16 WHITE SISTER **White Sister** (Heavy Metal America)
17 SERGEANT **Sergeant** (Mausoleum)
18 THE DEED IS DONE **Molly Hatchet** (Epic)
19 STEEL THE LIGHT **Q-5** (Music For Nations)
20 THUNDER IN THE EAST **Loudness** (Music For Nations)
21 HONOUR & BLOOD **Tank** (Music For Nations)
22 HONEYDRIPPERS VOL. ONE **Honeydrippers** (Es Paranza)
23 GO FOR YOUR LIFE **Mountain** (Scotti Brothers)
24 SCRATCH & BITE **Treat** (Mercury)
25 BEYOND THE ASTRAL SKIES **Uli Jon Roth & Electric Sun** (EMI)
26 OUT FOR THE COUNT **TKO** (Music For Nations)
27 POWERSLAVE **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
28 THUNDER SEVEN **Triumph** (MCA)
29 POWER & PASSION **Mama's Boys** (Jive)
30 REAL TO REEL **Marillion** (EMI)

Compiled by Alice's Restaurant

Anyone interested in having their local chart/radio playlist published should send a copy to: ***Kerrang! local chart/radio playlist, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ.***

STAR CHOICE

LESLIE WEST (MOUNTAIN)
'BREAKOUT' The Pointer Sisters (RCA)
'WHAT'S LOVE GOT TO DO WITH IT' Tina Turner (Capitol 45)
'CENTERFIELD' John Fogerty (Warner Brothers)

LARRY MILLER
'MESSIN' WITH THE KID' Rory Gallagher (track from the 'Live In Europe' LP on Polydor)
'JESUS JUST LEFT CHICAGO' ZZ Top (track from the 'Tres Hombres' LP on Warner Brothers)
'LITTLE WING' Jimi Hendrix (track from the 'Hendrix In The West LP on Polydor)

LEAR STEVENS (STORM)
'ROCK & ROLL' Led Zeppelin (track from the 'IV' LP on Atlantic)
'POWERAGE' AC/DC (Atlantic)
'QUEEN II' Queen (EMI)

JULIE TURNER (ROCK GODDESS)
'ONLY TIME WILL TELL' Asia (Geffen 45)
'LEGS (METAL MIX)' ZZ Top (Warner Brothers)
'RUN TO YOU' Bryan Adams (A&M 45)

IMPORTS

1 THE SKULL **Trouble** (Metal Blade)
2 DISTURBING THE PEACE **Alcatrazz** (Capitol)
3 HELL AWAITS **Slayer** (Metal Blade)
4 EVERYBODY'S CRAZY **Michael Bolton** (Columbia)
5 CRIMES IN MIND **Streets** (Atlantic)
6 VAN-ZANT **Johnny Van Zant** (Geffen)
7 LIVE AND UNDEAD **Slayer** (Metal Blade)
8 READY TO STRIKE **King Kobra** (Pasha)
9 SCRATCH AND BITE **Treat** (Mercury)
10 THROWING SHAPES **Stratus** (CBS Sony)

PANDORA PEROXIDE

SINGLES

1	1	COVER ME **Bruce Springsteen** (CBS)
2	5	LOVE IS A BATTLEFIELD **Pat Benatar** (Chrysalis)
3	3	SOMEBODY **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
4	10	CAN'T FIGHT THIS FEELING **REO Speedwagon** (Epic)
5	—	THAT WAS YESTERDAY **Foreigner** (Atlantic)
6	13	MYZSTERIOUS MIZSTER JONES **Slade** (RCA)
7	14	PIECE OF THE ACTION **Meat Loaf** (Arista)
8	—	JUST LIKE AN ARROW **Magnum** (FM)
9	2	LEGS (METAL MIX) **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
10	—	DON'T COME AROUND HERE NO MORE **Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers** (MCA)
11	8	FOREVER MAN **Eric Clapton** (Duck)
12	7	RUN TO YOU **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
13	—	ONE MORE NIGHT **Phil Collins** (Virgin)
14	18	FALLING **Tobruk** (Parlophone)
15	—	TURN UP THE RADIO **Autograph** (RCA)
16	11	I WANT TO KNOW WHAT LOVE IS **Foreigner** (Atlantic)
17	—	STILL LOVING YOU **Scorpions** (Harvest)
18	24	WE BELONG **Pat Benatar** (Chrysalis)
19	—	THE PRICE **Twisted Sister** (Atlantic)
20	20	ANIMAL (**** LIKE A BEAST) **W.A.S.P.** (Music For Nations)
21	—	WHY CAN'T I HAVE YOU **The Cars** (Elektra)
22	—	ONLY THE YOUNG **Journey** (Geffen)
23	25	I SURVIVE **Terraplane** (Epic)
24	15	YOU'RE THE INSPIRATION **Chicago** (Full Moon)
25	—	WHITE LIES **Jason And The Scorchers** (EMI)
26	30	CREEPING DEATH **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
27	19	ROCKARAMA **Uriah Heep** (Portrait)
28	—	MANITOU **Venom** (Neat)
29	27	CALL TO THE HEART **Giuffria** (MCA)
30	21	RADIOACTIVE **The Firm** (Atlantic)

ALBUMS

1	1	NO JACKET REQUIRED **Phil Collins** (Virgin)
2	—	BORN IN THE USA **Bruce Springsteen** (CBS)
3	4	RECKLESS **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
4	2	BEHIND THE SUN **Eric Clapton** (Duck)
5	7	HITS OUT OF HELL **Meat Loaf** (Cleveland International)
6	3	BUILDING THE PERFECT BEAST **Don Henley** (Geffen)
7	—	POWER AND PASSION **Mama's Boys** (Jive)
8	8	ELIMINATOR **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
9	—	EQUATOR **Uriah Heep** (Portrait)
10	—	ROGUES GALLERY **Slade** (RCA)
11	8	METAL HEART **Accept** (Portrait)
12	6	WHATEVER HAPPENED TO JUGULA? **Roy Harper with Jimmy Page** (Second Sight)
13	9	AGENT PROVOCATEUR **Foreigner** (Atlantic)
14	16	TROPICO **Pat Benatar** (Chrysalis)
15	13	THE FIRM **The Firm** (Atlantic)
16	15	BAT OUT OF HELL **Meat Loaf** (Cleveland International)
17	11	CENTERFIELD **John Fogerty** (Warner Brothers)
18	—	THE PACK **Alaska** (Music For Nations)
19	14	DANGEROUS MUSIC **Robin George** (Bronze)
20	—	TRASH QUEENS **Wrathchild** (Dojo)
21	25	STEEL THE LIGHT **Q-5** (Music For Nations)
22	10	BEYOND APPEARANCES **Santana** (CBS)
23	22	FRICTION **Coney Hatch** (Vertigo)
24	—	THING-FISH **Frank Zappa** (EMI)
25	18	BEYOND THE ASTRAL SKIES **Uli Jon Roth & Electric Sun** (EMI)
26	—	SLIDE IT IN (US REMIX PICTURE DISC) **Whitesnake** (Liberty)
27	34	LOST AND FOUND **Jason And The Scorchers** (EMI)
28	20	THUNDER IN THE EAST **Loudness** (Music For Nations)
29	17	VULTURE CULTURE **The Alan Parsons Project** (Arista)
30	21	GIUFFRIA **Giuffria** (MCA)
31	12	CRAZY FROM THE HEAT **David Lee Roth** (Warner Brothers)
32	50	THUNDER SEVEN **Triumph (MCA)**
33	—	WHITE SISTER **White Sister** (Heavy Metal America)
34	23	WARMING UP TO THE ICE AGE **John Hiatt** (Geffen)
35	36	REAL TO REEL **Marillion** (EMI)
36	27	SHOUT AT THE DEVIL **Mötley Crüe** (Elektra)
37	39	12 GOLD BARS VOLUME TWO **Status Quo** (Vertigo)
38	32	PERFECT STRANGERS **Deep Purple** (Polydor)
39	28	WE RESERVE THE RIGHT **Madam X** (Jet)
40	26	1984 **Van Halen** (Warner Brothers)
41	37	AURAL SCULPTURE **The Stranglers** (Epic)
42	24	TOO TOUGH TO DIE **The Ramones** (Beggars Banquet)
43	40	DEGUELLO **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
44	31	HONEYDRIPPERS VOL. ONE **Honeydrippers** (Es Paranza)
45	42	BAD ATTITUDE **Meat Loaf** (Arista)
46	30	POWERSLAVE **Iron Maiden** (EMI)
47	29	RIDE THE LIGHTNING **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
48	43	W.A.S.P. **W.A.S.P.** (Capitol)
49	—	SILENT NIGHTS **Rick Wakeman** (TBG/President)
50	—	SPEEDWAY **Warhead** (Mausoleum)

PLAYLIST

GEOFF BARTON
'HELL AWAITS' Slayer (Metal Blade import)
'WITCH HUNT' Piledriver (track from the 'Metal Inquisition' LP on Cobra import)
'SHOW US YOUR TITS' John Verity (Demo)

MALCOLM DOME
'FIONA' Fiona (Atlantic import)
'SOUTHERN ACCENTS' Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers (MCA)
'TWILIGHT ZONE' Various (track from the 'Phenomena' LP on Bronze)

LAURA CANYON
'THE BOYS OF SUMMER' Don Henley (Geffen 45)
'SOUTHERN ACCENTS' Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers (MCA)
'THE GOOD, THE BAD, THE WAYSTED' Waysted (Music For Nations)

MICK WALL
'POSSESSED' Venom (Neat)
'HELL AWAITS' Slayer (Metal Blade import)
'STEEL THE LIGHT' Q-5 (Music For Nations)

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EMI

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LADY Killers

KEALY CHAMBERLAIN

COR, WOW, er . . . not 'arf, *etc.* Continuing in our ceaseless efforts to bring you the glossiest and most lecher-inspired photos of the modern rock 'n' roll female population, we proudly present Kealy Chamberlain, a teenage tidal wave of of high-heeled temptation from Leicester.

Young Kealy 'began' life as Satan's Daughter, before settling down as vocalist with Van Damme, who were actually SD under a less demonic monicker. And, after a brief hiatus, VD are back in action, currently setting up a series of dates which should be announced imminently.

In the meantime, hands up all those red-blooded males who fancy a swift stroke from Kealy's suitably slung crop!

MALCOLM DOME

Pic Ray Palmer